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# DRUMMER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."  
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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## DRUMMER

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# GETTING OFF

## MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

### SUMMER CAMP PUNISHMENT

Sirs:

What about adding a column of readers' contributions of "cruel and unusual" physical punishments, to enrich the technical repertoire of one and all.

Here is one, for example. I can't take credit for its invention, but I have refined it. I was introduced to it as victim when I was 15, at a summer camp on Lake Champlain.

Title: Hungry Pecker  
Description: Victim stripped, spread-eagled face up on the ground at maximum extension. Torso, thighs, etc. coated with olive or corn oil, then liberally sprinkled with dry corn.

Unlace two or more chicken legs that have been starved for at least 36 hours (preferably more). The birds will scamper over the body of the victim, hurrying to peck the corn, slipping and sliding on the greasy surface, digging with their claws trying to gain foothold.

Optional: Provide victim with goggles and leather jock.

Warning: Dress open wounds to prevent infection. Claws can be cleaned prior to the session.

In camp I wore shorts and was blindfolded. We had a terrific physical training program!

Tony B.

### STUNNING OMISSION

Gentlemen:

My congratulations to you on your magnificent "Movie Mayhem" series. I really look forward to each new issue of Drummer to see what other examples Allen Eagles has dug up. But there was one stunning omission in your Volume 2, Number 13 chapter of Movie Mayhem.

"The Battle of Algiers" was not widely circulated. Perhaps it is still regarded as an art movie. But it vividly depicted the attempts that the French forces made to extract information from their Algerian captives. The captives were trussed up, beaten and subjected to electric shocks. And all this was shown on the screen. If Mr. Eagles has not yet seen "The Battle of Algiers," I urge him to seek out the film.

My special congratulations to you for unearthing an artist as talented as the one who did the drawing which appeared on Page 11 of Volume 2, Number 13. It is the most stunning physique art work I have seen in some time. The action taking place is imaginative, the drawing is superb, the contrast between the youthful "M" and the macho "S" is well-drawn and the little touches, like the phallic symbol sticking out of the ground,

all help to make the drawing a masterpiece.

Unfortunately, the artist is not identified on the page. I would love to know who the artist is, whether he is offering work commercially and whether or not he is accepting commissions. To facilitate a reply, I have enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Thanks again for the high quality of the work you put out. Have Eagles continue to feed us more movie mayhem. And let's show more of the work of the aforementioned artist.

FRED  
Forest Park, IL

### NO SHOES

Dear Drummer:

I just want to praise you for the super fantastic article on Shoes and Boots Fetish. I hope you will write more in the future. The only thing missing was there were no shoe pictures. Maybe next time you'll include some???

Keep up the good work.

A reader  
El Cajon, CA

### MASTER POET

Dear Mr. Payne:

Enclosed is a copy of a poem which I wrote to my master and lover. You have my permission to publish this poem in DRUMMER if you choose to. The title of the poem is "Michael" and I have used my pen name "Robaire." You may have read some items by me in The Bolt, The Theban, The Ball Baring or Scene & Machine.

Good luck with DRUMMER — it is great!

MICHAEL

You are my lion and I, your lamb,  
For you are my king, the possessor of my life,  
The pride of my spirit, and the dominator of my soul.

Be it known to all that I shall love  
None but thee, and that anyone who Attempts sodomy upon me shall bear The wrath of your hand,  
And that you forever shall be My lover, even beyond death, for anyone Who shall look upon our graves shall Turn into dust.

Your love redeems me from all sins and Your possession of me makes me pure, And the purity of this love shall Symbolize the search of my life, and you Shall dominate over me, for you are My Destiny.

Regards  
ROBAIRE

Issue number 15 of DRUMMER is in your hands so anything we can tell you about it, you already know. Our first cover by A. Jay of "Harry Chess" fame has smiled at you from the newstand or peeked out from your new heavier plain-white envelope. The Leather Fraternity section is entertaining ads and messages from readers along with Fraternity members. Orlando Paris has researched the hell out of "Gay CB Channel 14" and come up with some new kicks and quirks. "S&M Gym" gives you the second installment of the fun way to build up your biceps. "Movie Mayhem" has gone on to book form and Bill Ward's "Drum" has returned to earth for a new set of comic-land adventures. In addition to the Leather, there is a whole new world awaiting the macho crowd in DRUMMER.

But let's talk about next month. DRUMMER will be two years old and the Anniversary Issue is on the boards. There's an unpublished artwork portfolio by San Francisco artist Tom Hinde. Anti-leather author John Rechy ("The Sexual Outlaw") will have a dialogue with Robert Payne. We hope to have an interview with American escapee Billy Hayes concerning his experiences in Turkish prisons. We take you to the Bodyworks as well as the nations' Bike Clubs and bars. There are some mighty hunky bodies lined up, some new fiction, photographs and art and who-knows-what-else. Plus another increased press run.

On another set of boards, THE ALTERNATE is taking shape. The first issue will follow Gay Pride Week and the Dade County election. It could be considered an encouraging sign that the ALTERNATE refused to run the ALTERNATE's ad in its new issue. There were a variety of reasons, first by Editor McQueen that the publisher was out of town and nobody dared make a decision about the ad. Privately it was discussed that Alternate sounded too much like Advocate and the latter didn't really need to carry anything on its pages about "The Newsmagazine of Gay America." Finally publisher Goodstein got back in town and issued the official: "Wait for a couple of issues, then we'll see." NEWSWEST, a local phenomina (which, coincidentally, was originally to have been named "The Alternate") named impossible terms for their back page and the ad was withdrawn. However, from more supportive sources around the country, the reception has been phenomenal. The ALTERNATE looks like a winner!



## LONG WAY BABY

Dear Drummer:

First of all let me congratulate you on the work you are doing with THE DRUMMER. You have come a long way baby since it started. I have in my twenty five years of experience in the publishing business never thought you would get it off the ground, however at this point I am finding that you have hatched a quality publication.

Let me further identify myself if you have been familiar with the various publications in the past. My studio used to publish work in Europe under the name of STAN of SWEDEN. We have been out of the business for quite sometime, however at this time I think that we are seriously considering going back into the business so to speak. We were one of the pioneers in your type publication. We might have some material for your baby to consider in the very near future if you are interested.

If you are wondering what has happened to us, let me add further that we switched from photography to painting, however we have a massive file of material that we have used for reference material over the years.

A.T.  
West Chester, PA

## FRIENDS & ENEMAS

Dear Sir:

In *The Leatherman's Handbook* Larry Townsend remarks that "the enema scene holds a fascination for a lot more people than you might expect," but he has little more to say on the subject. What *Drummer* needs is to fill in the void with articles, fiction, photographs, illustrations, etc. on the use and pleasures of the enema in the leather scene.

Yours sincerely,  
Bob  
Louisiana

## SHAVE SLAVE

Dear Drummer:

I am a fan of yours since your first issue hit the stands (have 'em all).

Your Levi-leather scenes are a great turn-on for the most part, however, I would like to make a suggestion or two. No. 1 please cut down on the Gordan Grant and Val Martin scene, and give other hunks a chance.

No. 2, I would especially dig more shaving scenes in future issues. Those that you've featured during the past, have been very sexy but, I think you could do your readers a service, by showing more close up details (frame for frame). Why not show *more* models with the military or butch haircuts (even a shaven head now and then), but please, not as ugly as the dude in the Feb. issue. Even though I prefer short hair, how about a page or two of models with both long and short hair (for all hair freaks) and a section on

mustaches and beards (a possible feature in itself). Hope that a few of my ideas will take root (and I hope that you'll like the pictures that I've enclosed). Also, please continue all of the good work you've done up till now, especially, all hard muscled, well oiled, pierced titted, leather clad turn ons you've shown in the past.

J.C.B.  
VA.

## CROTCH SHOT

Sirs:

When I do receive my issue of your magazine which I might add has been few and far between I enjoy your articles about "More Movie Mayhem." I saw the movie *THE ENFORCER* - in it Clint Eastwood played his Dirty Harry role again. In the movie he drives a car through a store window to stop three robbers, as number three runs up a staircase Eastwood takes careful aim and shoots him through the crotch, the robber grabs his crotch falls down the stairs and bounces off a wall, still with hands clutched over his groin. The shot however is cut short by tear gas fired into the store. If you could print the stills from the above I think it would well be worth the time, as it is an S/M type of photo that is an eye opener! Talking about S/M in ancient times, enclosed is a copy of real S/M!!!

Prof. Von B.  
New York City

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**ORLANDO PARIS**

# Seventy- Thirds and Eighty- Eights, Good Buddy.

Photos by JON ENBERG from  
KANSAS CITY TRUCKING CO.  
A Joe Gege Films release.



Long before I got my first CB I had this thing for truckdrivers. There's no use kidding around about it. I'd be parked in a rest stop, and some monster eighteen-wheeler would coast in, and I'd practically come when I'd see that lanky gear jammer swing down out of his cab. If he had on jeans, a dirty tee-shirt, and boots, never mind whether he smiled or not, I would come. The only problem was that it didn't happen very often, and I figured there had to be a better way. Waiting for paradise can be a long wait, and I was in no mood to waste time.

One night I'm up in the cab of this Corn Binder slurping on this hunk, and he has his CB on. It's just chatter and static, and it's not up too loud, so I paid it no mind at all; I was too busy. Then suddenly this voice comes out loud

and clear.

"Breaker One Four."

My number reached up and grabbed a mike.

"Go ahead Breaker One Four."  
"This is Sugar Bear, lookin' for Ramrod."

"Hey, Good Buddy," my guy said, "you got him; wall-to-wall and tree-top tall."

I figured my scene was about over. The son of a bitch was more interested in talking on his radio than he was in what I was doing. I was about to back off when Sugar Bear came back on.

"What's your twenty, Ramrod, and are you up?"

"I-23 in rest-em-up and a big ten-four."

"Cool, man; tell me about it," Sugar



Bear said. I really don't dig talking during a scene, especially if my number's talking to someone else.

"I got a super salesman on my rail," Ramrod said.

"Beautiful, old buddy. Tell him to hang around for me. I figure a half-hour at most. I been using old lady five and I'm ready. I'll ten-seven so you can enjoy."

There was one last word from my guy, "Seventy-thirds and eighty-eights." The transmissions stopped. The static was low, and Ramrod reached over, switched off his radio, leaned back and followed Sugar Bear's advice to enjoy.

One thing surprised me: in all this conversation Ramrod's cock stayed ramrod stiff. At home I lose a hard-on the minute the phone rings, but apparently Ramrod hadn't been at all distracted. In fact, I would feel his cock swell in my mouth even more when he told Sugar Bear that he had a super salesman on his rail. I could figure out what he meant, and I realized he was getting a charge out of boasting about my sucking his cock for Sugar Bear and all the rest of the world to hear.

That turned me on, too. Not that I'm an exhibitionist; I like privacy, but the idea of someone bragging about my blow job while I was actually giving it was somehow extra exciting. Again, too, the whole world could have heard.

Well, I was lucky. After I'd drained that truck driver (and I can assure you Ramrod was a perfect handle for him) he offered me a cigarette, indicating he wanted to talk and was in no hurry for me to jump down.

I asked him about the CB, about his conversation with Sugar Bear, and he translated it for me. I had figured it out for the most part, but the numbers baffled me.

"One-four," Ramrod explained was the channel they'd been on, and it was often used by gay guys. That "big ten-four" was real affirmative when Sugar Bear had asked him if he had a hard-on. "Ten-seven" was a sign-off, and "seventy-thirds and eighty-eights" was "Love and kisses."

I began, then, to be there, to see some of the advantages of CB. I knew all about emergencies on the road. I knew all about knowing where the cops were. What I hadn't known was that it provided an easy new way to make out. That, and a lot of other things I was soon to learn.

Ramrod stuck out his hand to shake mine.

"I've got to roll," he said. "Sugar Bear just pulled in behind me. If you dig him he's ready."

I thanked Ramrod and started out of his cab.

"You said you might get a CB," he added. "If you do what's your handle going to be? I'd like to see you again."

"Stonewall," I said, out of the blue. It sounded butch, and yet because of the gay Stonewall riots any gay that heard it would know.

"O.K., Stonewall," he said. "Starve the bears, and I'll keep my ears on for you." I reached over, patted his basket, and backed down. I hadn't felt so good for a long time; almost as if I'd had a peek into some secret sex fraternity that

I wanted to join more than anything else.

Ramrod pulled out with a roar. I watched him go, smiling as if he could see me in the dark, and then I turned and saw Sugar Bear, leaning against the front fender of his eighteen wheeler.

I recognized Sugar Bear immediately. Some guys make up their handles, CB code names, out of the blue. Others try to express their personalities. I'm sure Freud would have a ball analyzing them, but, anyway, Sugar Bear was everything his name implied. He was massive, huge broad shoulders, six-foot-five, at least, and a beard and moustache that made him look more like a grizzly. But, oh, that smile! I was hooked the minute I saw him.

His rig was huge, too, and empty. He opened the rear of it, hopped up as light as a feather, and leaned over to pull me in after him. There were, of course, no lights, but Sugar Bear had a flashlight, and its beam showed me a pile of blankets, a foam-plastic cooler which turned out to be loaded with beer, an ash-tray as big as a garbage pail.

"Stonewall," I replied when he asked me my handle. I tried to sound as if I'd always been nick-named Stonewall. He laughed and told me that sounded good and then opened us each a beer.

"I'm Sugar Bear," he said with another laugh. "If you don't sting me I won't bite." From this hulk that sounded funny, and I laughed easily. From then on we had a ball. It was more than that; it was one fantastic scene.

Sugar Bear asked me to go all the way down to the end of the trailer—it seemed like it was a block long—and to strip and walk slowly back. I did. I stripped, still half-hard from the scene with Ramrod, and started back towards the flashlight.

"Slower," Sugar Bear said, and I slowed down, all the more conscious of the beam of the flashlight playing on my body. As I approached the light I knew my cock was swelling; it was jutting completely forward now, leaving my balls to swing free.

The only problem was that I couldn't see Sugar Bear, and a small stab of fear ran through me. What the hell had I gotten myself into? Why had Ramrod taken off in such a blast-off of power? Here I was, nude, inside a forty foot trailer with some guy I'd never seen before. I kept walking, though, and in a few seconds the flashlight was shining right into my eyes. Then it was switched off. I stood there, more excited than scared, yet afraid to move a muscle. I would feel my cock thrusting into the dark air before me.

Then, without having time to realize what was happening, I felt a fabulous sensation run through my body, from my cock to my toes, to my finger-tips. Sugar Bear was down on me, all the way to the hilt. The head of my cock must have been half-way down his throat; too many guys have choked on it; some have even taken one look and begged off. But not Sugar Bear: he was down, all the way down, on me, and I could feel his beard on my balls, his moustache pressing into my pelvis.

Now, I can give a pretty good blow job, but I learned things from Sugar Bear

that night that I'd never dreamed of: little tricks with your tongue, how and when to nibble most effectively, when to relax your lips and let your teeth do the walking, gently, then more firmly. And then he quit.

I hadn't come, and my balls were going to ache; I could feel just a hint of pain gathering in my groin.

"Relax, Stonewall," Sugar Bear said, and we lay on the blankets, drank beer, and smoked a couple of j's. Then I went to work on him, copying as best I could the techniques he'd taught me. Shit, I was only nineteen; I couldn't even pretend I knew it all. Sugar Bear had no complaints, though, and soon I could feel the gathering storm in his loins, and I was gearing myself up to take his load.

"Nother beer," he said, pulling back at the last minute. I was pissed at first, but what could I do? We relaxed again, talked a lot more, smoked another joint, and then tumbled into the most fantastic sixty-nine I've ever had before or since. Everything worked slow and right. We were both in the right mood. We both did exactly the right thing at the right time. Sugar Bear reached down to my nostrils with a popper, and before I started to fly I could hear him sniffing deep, and then we both took off, our thighs locked in each other's arms, our throats engorging each other's cocks, our bodies melted into one. Like a shower of merris, like all the Fourths of July rolled into one, we came.

What little I got to taste of it, what didn't shoot right down my throat, tasted like honey. We both lay lapping, dreaming, throbbing, with slowly subsiding spasms for Lord knows how long, and then, finally, reluctantly, we drew apart.

We had cigarettes and still another beer then, and we talked, mostly about CB. I remember mostly how warm and friendly Sugar Bear was; none of this "I've-shot-so-shove-off shit." He told me about making out, clued me in to some slang, and told me to watch out, if I got a CB of my own, for three things. One, the obvious one, smoke. The cops would much rather nail a cocksucker than a speeder, so Sugar Bear urged me to keep it all very cool in case smoke had ears. Two, he told me to be careful of truckers who thought they had to prove how butch and straight they were by beating up on gays. He suggested sticking to channel 14 and doing plenty of talk before the action, to listen for key phrases like three-legged beaver which meant the dude was probably straight.

It was just like the bar world, but with a different language, and, of course, it was all done sight unseen, without any exchanges of knowing looks or warm smiles.

Third, Sugar Bear asked me if I dug pain. The question threw me. I did, but no one—I swear, no one—beside me knew it. I didn't answer right away. Sugar Bear hadn't struck me as the type, yet at the same time I remember how I used to (as recently as that afternoon) tie my balls tight with cord, put clothespins on my tits, and jack off without ever touching my cock—just twisting the clothespins with one hand while I

yanked on my bound balls with the other.

"I would scream with pain and shoot a load at precisely the same second. Yes, I dug it, but I wasn't ready to admit it."

"No, I don't think so," I told Sugar Bear. "Why?"

"Well," he said, not at all in a put-down way, "there's a guy on our channel you'd like if you did and you probably wouldn't like if you didn't."

"Oh?" I said real casual-like. "What's his handle?"

"Eagle-Master," Sugar Bear said.

The name haunted me from that minute on. I followed Sugar Bear into town in my pick-up, and we had coffee and corn muffins at the diner and talked mostly about different CB sets, cost, installation, licenses, that sort of thing, but I couldn't get Eagle-Master out of my mind. I didn't dare ask Sugar Bear for more information, and he didn't volunteer any. When we split into the parking lot and Sugar Bear climbed up into his cab we exchanged seventy-thirds-like some wisass kid, I was already picking up and using the lingo—and he took off. I watched him go with the same kind of smile I'd watched Ramrod take off with, but I was thinking of Eagle-Master.

The next couple of weeks saw a couple of things happen. I bought a pretty neat Cobra 19, had it installed, and listened every minute I was aboard. Usually I monitored Channel 19 where all the regular trucking signals came from in our area, and even though I was afraid to talk, I was picking up, not only the language, but also the sing-song inflections, the good-buddy rapport that filters through the air waves. I'd tune in channel 14, but only once did I hear anything that really turned me on. This guy was barreling along when another guy on a motorcycle pulls alongside and begins jacking off. It sounded like, "I got the pedal to the metal when Evil Knievel comes into the monster lane choking chicken, right outside Dice City."

I knew Dice City was Las Vegas, so I figured the guy's signal had skipped off the sky and it was a freak reception. I never opened my mouth, though. I was somehow scared, though nothing scares me; it was more like I was in school and had to stand up in front of everybody and say something. I just listened. For Eagle-Master.

A lot of time went by, weeks, maybe months, and I went on listening. I was getting pretty good at that. I could tell when there was action in the truck stop twenty miles down the highway—of course, it was the pit stop at marker 38. I could even hear what sounded like guys figuring out how and when and where to make out, but this didn't really turn me on. I was not involved; it was always somebody else's plans, and they didn't include me.

The regular channels were boring, too. There was a lot of garbage. Wives telling their husbands to hurry on home for supper, old buddy, and that shit. And back I'd go to Channel 14, hoping I'd give up and put a rock station on my am/fm, drive along, usually in the country, often under a bright moon, take my

cock out of my jeans and stroke it to the music.

Ramrod and Sugar Bear I caught a couple more times as they flip-flopped across the state passing near where I lived. We usually made out, and it was always a ball. The second time Ramrod did me, so I felt better about him, and by the end of the summer the three of us were pretty good friends.

My transmissions, "putting out" doesn't always mean putting out, were short and sweet, though. I'd tell Ramrod I was Stonewall, find out his schedule, and sign off. Then I'd be there. What the hell was there to talk about in front of whole world, anyway? It worked fine, and we'd make out. Same with Sugar Bear, and we even managed a couple of threesomes.

I remember once I screwed up my courage and asked Sugar Bear about Eagle-Master, saying something dumb that I'd never copied him. Sugar Bear told me that with my skinny build, my green eyes and blond hair, and with my basket I always showed not to worry. Eagle-Master would find me soon enough.

But he didn't. One night I goosed myself into using my vocal chords.

"Breaker one-four," I said. I was fucking trembling.

"Go ahead, Breaker one-four." Shit, somebody'd heard me.

"I thank you kindly, good buddy," I said, trying maybe a bit too hard. "This is Stonewall."

"Go ahead, Stonewall, you're bending windows." Christ, he hears me loud and clear.

"Looking for Eagle-Master."

"You found him." I chickened out. "Seventy-thirds and ten-seven," I said, and I reached over and turned my Cobra off. I pulled off the road and stopped. I had said "good-bye" and told him I was shutting my radio down. Not very polite, but shit, man, I was playing with acid, and I wasn't at all sure that was my trip.

I smoked a cigarette and pulled myself together; it was stupid to be scared of a voice on a CB radio, god knows how many miles away. Then, of course, I turned my radio back on. My Japanese toy was working, and I was on the side.

"Breaker one-four. Breaker one-four." Already I could identify his voice. I pressed the button on my mike.

"Go ahead, Breaker one-four," I said. I could always turn it off again.

"Howdy, Howdy," Eagle-Master said, somehow not sounding at all silly. "Eagle-Master looking for Stonewall."

I froze.

"You found him," I said.

"Good," Eagle-Master said. "Keep your ears on this time and don't pull the plug."

"For sure, Eagle-Master." Seems like the "for sure" gave me confidence. It was friendly, informal, and the way CBers said yes. I've never heard anyone say "yes, sir" on CB.

"Stonewall, give me your twenty." If I answered him truthfully, telling him where I was, I knew I was committed. If I signed off—shit, I could tell him there was a smokes behind me advertising; nobody would bug you when you were being pulled over by the cops—that would

be the end of it.

"I'm on a dirty floor two miles south of the 80 stop on big 23," I said. Now Eagle-Master and the whole world, maybe even the bears, knew I was parked just below the 80 mile marker. What the fuck was I doing?

"I'm an East-bounder. Come back to big 23 and wait for a bright yellow bulldog. Follow it to a nap-trap."

"Now?" I asked.

"Ten-seven" was the response. He was shutting off his radio this time after telling me to rendezvous back up on I-23 with a yellow Mack truck.

I sat there, lit a cigarette, but before I'd taken two drags I'd turned my pick-up around and was headed back up to I-23. I waited and I listened. I smoked, my eyes straining down the highway for a yellow Mack. Of course, it was night, and I couldn't see anything but headlights. So I just kept smoking and listening.

And then, out of the blackness it came, roaring, rolling like there was no tomorrow. I jumped into the lane behind him and closed the gap. Before I got too close, which might have caused him to bleed over me, he broke every rule in the book.

"Any bears?" he asked, not even breaking or identifying himself. He was counting on me having my ears on. He sounded as if he were in my dash-board.

"Double seven," I said. "Negative" sounded too damn military.

"Double-seven, sir," Eagle-Master said, emphasizing the "sir" like I was some stupid, worthless, know-nothing piece of shit. The transmission ended. Or at least neither one of us said anything after I replied obediently with a "Seven-seven, sir."

The Big Mack pulled off the highway at an interchange about twenty-five miles further down the road, and like a dying bird it lugged itself into a "76" Truck Stop. I parked my puny pick-up along side it and got out. I could feel eyes on me, sizing me up, undressing me, and I was about to piss in my pants.

After about five minutes the door on the other side of the yellow Mack opened, and a man, totally clad in leather, walked toward the coffee shop, not once glancing behind him. I followed, naturally, trying to get a glimpse of his face, a better definition of his body.

At the coffee counter there was exactly one empty place, and Eagle-Master, of course, took it, leaving me standing there looking stupid. But I could see his face, and although he never looked at me, I grew faint—I knew that sounds nelly, but my knees actually did shake and my mouth went dry—looking at him. He was everything you'd ever want to see in a man: a good build, strong, classic features, an outdoors complexion, untidy, ruffled hair, and hands that could have squeezed a hot coffee cup into tiny pieces without any effort at all.

Eagle-Master's face was anything but cruel; it was determined, strong, and even had a constant hint of a smile, but you'd have trusted it. His eyes, though, weren't much more than two horizontal slits; it was hard to see them: the upper lids were always half-closed, and that

made him look either sexy or menacing, or both, depending on what you were looking for.

Eagle-Master paid his check, tipping with a big smile at the idiotic waitress, and left, brushing past me as if I didn't exist. I followed him out.

He went back to the truck and stood next to the door of the trailer, which he held a few inches open.

"You're Stonewall?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied, and before I knew it he had grabbed me by the seat of my pants and the collar of my shirt and thrown me into the truck and slammed shut the door.

We travelled for about a half hour.

The truck was a dungeon, or, rather, it had everything a good dungeon has. The crates I had bumped into turned out to be a work table, complete with wrenches. The loose lines I had been aware of on the walls were whips and ropes. The chains I'd heard were not for tying down cargo.

Now, too, Eagle-Master had changed. He wore a head mask and a black leather studded jacket and knee-high boots, nothing else.

The session began, and I was putty in Eagle-Master's hands. It was made clear that once I submitted there would be no limits. I had read enough and imagined more so that I knew what was probably coming, but I submitted without hesitation. Maybe a quail or two, and maybe a quiver, but my rocket-hard cock was telling me what to do, not my mind. My balls were dictating my responses, not my heart. Eagle-Master was in charge, not Stonewall.

I was spread-eagled on my back on the work-bench, so rigidly strapped down I couldn't move a fucking muscle. Then I heard it.

"Breaker four-five Breaker" Eagle-Master had a set in the trailer and was transmitting on a higher frequency than legally used. He identified himself to several guys who came on the channel, and then he began to tell them about me, about my body, about the position I was in, and he asked them what they wanted him to do to me.

The answers blew my mind. Eagle-Master agreed to make me scream. He paced a handkerchief over my nose and poured a couple of drops of amyl on it. I began to fly, and he began to twist my nuts. It wasn't long before I let out a yelp, and that soon changed into a scream. The scream his listeners had wanted to hear.

Next, they wanted to hear a belt hit my body. They did, over and over, on my chest, my thighs, and across my stomach, and headless of my yelps right across my stiff cock and tightened balls.

I was turned over so they could hear a whip cutting into my back, and that was done, again and again, until I knew my back and ass was criss-crossed not only with welts but with bleeding slashes.

One guy asked to hear me choke, and Eagle-Master stuffed the small end of a funnel in my mouth and poured what turned out to be piss into my mouth until I choked.

Another guy told Eagle-Master he'd like to hear a bone break or a socket

pulled. Eagle-Master came over to me, released me though I couldn't move for the pain and flipped me back over onto my back. He fastened ropes to my ankles and wrists, and slowly tightened the raters wrenches until I was stretched taut. For good measure, he turned each wrench another notch.

Eagle-Master moved the mike over beside my arm. I was too weak to protest, but I knew that either my shoulder was about to be dislocated or my arm was about to be broken. I only prayed that it would be over fast and that I'd pass out.

By this time I had completely forgotten if my cock was hard or soft, nor did I much care. The scene, up until now, was as sexy for me as it had been painful, and I had nearly shot my load several times. I especially dug the ears which were witnessing the scene via CB. Knowing they heard my screams, the cuts on my body, really turned me on. But now I was scared shitless, and all I could hope for was to pass out as quickly as possible.

And then I felt Eagle-Master going down on me. I was, after all, still raging hard, and if I had thought that Sugar Bear knew how to suck my cock, I now had something new to learn all over again. It didn't take long, and though Eagle-Master took his time and didn't rush it I could feel my balls tightening as I approached orgasm.

As he felt the first rush of sperm shoot through my cock, Eagle-Master, in one quick movement, snapped a tongue depressor he held in his hand next to the mike. I groaned. Then he concentrated on draining my cock of the last bit of sperm, milking it with his lips, kneading it with his tongue, hanging on until my very last spasm, until my cock had gone noticeably softer.

Eagle-Master released me, and gradually I regained my senses, enough to hear guys describing over the CB how they had come when they heard the bone in my arm break, how high their sperm had shot, how hot they still were, how they wished they were with us so they could fuck me and force me to drink their piss and shoot load after load down my throat.

Eagle-Master signed off. He took me into his house to shower off and put ointment on my cuts. We shared a beer and some grass, and then, in his car, he drove me back to the truck-stop to my pickup.

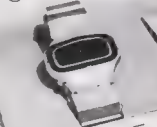
He gave me the broken tongue depressor as a souvenir. Right now it's taped to my CB set, and though lots of people have asked me what it's there for I've never told anyone before this. Now you know: it's my broken arm.

Eagle-Master said good-bye in CB terminology. You don't often hear truckers saying eighty-eights, for kisses, unless they're talking to some Goldilocks bra-buster, but I'll never forget the way it sounded when, before driving off, Eagle-Master waved to me and shouted "t out."

"Seventy-thirds and eighty-eights, good buddy."

Somehow, "love and kisses" doesn't sound right any other way. □

## LED Quartz 6 Function & 5 Words



## MESSAGE WATCH

A new programmable message watch: the first 6 function LED quartz digital message watch to allow the user to program and store up to 100 messages. The watch displays the time of day, a new feature being offered by Windert Watch Company.

Users may change and reprogram messages at will, allowing them to provide any number of text messages as may be necessary in any given day. Developed by the famous American watchmaker, Windert Watch Co., the watch is made in the USA. The watch is made of stainless steel, with a black dial, and is water resistant. The watch is made of stainless steel, with a black dial, and is water resistant. The watch is made of stainless steel, with a black dial, and is water resistant.

word by word, each time the display function is pressed to display the time of day. To speed programming time for the user, the watch has a built-in memory to store messages, either in the past or present, in addition to displaying the time of day. The LED quartz message watch is made in the USA. The watch is made of stainless steel, with a black dial, and is water resistant.



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# the fitting room

"WHAT ARE YOU READIN',  
KID. WHATTHEFUCK IS THAT?"



"SON-OF-A-THESE  
ARE BITCHIN'-  
NOW WHERE'S  
THAT KID..."

"HERE,  
SIR."



COME WITH US, IF YOU AREN'T DOING ANYTHING ELSE AT THE MOMENT, TO MALE HIDE LEATHER'S "LEATHER CELL" IN CHICAGO. IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, THAT YOU ARE THE FITTING ROOM CLERK AND ARE SITTING, DAY-DREAMING WHEN IN WALKS ONE DAN LAUING, "MR. GOLD COAST 1977" DREAM ON

"IT'S DRUMMER, SIR.  
I WAS JUST LOOKING  
AT THE NEW ISSUE..."

"LEMME  
SEE IT!"

"THAT'S A SISSY  
MAGAZINE!  
WHAT ELSE  
YOU GOT HERE?"

"WHAT WOULD  
YOU LIKE SIR?"

"I'LL LET YOU KNOW  
WHEN I DECIDE. WHAT'S  
IN HERE, KID?"

"OUR  
FITTING  
ROOM,  
SIR."



"MIRROR, MIRROR  
ON THE WALL..."

"...YOU  
ARE, SIR"

HEY, THESE HERE  
ARE GREAT LEATHERS.  
YOU LIKE LEATHER, KID?"

"OH, YES  
INDEED,  
SIR"



# the fitting room

"MAN, LOOK AT  
THAT ASS—YOU  
LIKE THAT ASS, KID ..."

"YES,  
SIR."

"YOU AIN'T  
GOT A BAD  
ONE YERSELF "

"THANK  
YOU,  
SIR."

"I'M GONNA TRY  
SOMETHIN' ELSE."



"I SAID STRIP  
DOWN, ASSHOLE!"

"PUT ON THAT  
SHORT HARNESS."

"YES, SIR."





"HEY, KID—HAND ME  
THAT HARNESS—AND  
YOU PUT ON THESE  
SHORTS. UNNERSTAND?"

"HOT DAMN!"

"B-B-BUT..."

"GET YER ASS  
BEHIND THEM  
BARS, BABY."



"I'LL TEACH YOU  
TO SIT AROUND  
READING 'BLUEBOY'."

"IT WAS  
DRUMMER,  
SIR "

"DRUMMER,  
SCHLUMMER.  
BIG DEAL!"

"LET'S SEE HOW  
YOU LOOK HANGIN'  
FROM THESE STOCKS, KID."

"YOU WILL  
RESPECT MY  
VIRGINITY,  
WON'T YOU, SIR?"



AS OUR  
LITTLE  
ENCOUNTER  
CONTINUES,  
WE FIND  
THAT A  
LEATHER  
FITTING  
NEED NOT  
BE A DULL  
EXPERIENCE.  
IT DEPENDS  
ON WHO IS  
IN CHARGE,  
MAINLY.  
IF YOU ARE  
EVER  
IN CHICAGO  
DROP IN ON THE  
LEATHER CELL  
AND CHECK  
OUT THE  
CLERK'S  
VIRGINITY.



# S&M GYM

By G.B. MISA

The muscles of my arms were so fucking sore I could barely shove the vacuum cleaner across the filthy rug. It stuck on a big wad of bubble gum. When I bent over, the pain ripped at my thighs. "Shit! Fuckin' crap! Goddammit!" I yelled. Why in hell had I squatted with 350 pounds? It was the six sets of ten reps that finished off my legs. I cursed as I pried at the goopy mess on the rug.

"What's goin' on out there?" Killer shouted from the bedroom.

Gritting my teeth against the stabbing pain, I jumped to my feet. "I'm trying to clean the fuckin' rug!"

The door jerked open and Killer stood bare assed in the doorway. Zap! Magically the pain in my legs disappeared. I licked my lips as the full impact of his incredible body smashed at my senses. The 225 pound giant made my stomach churn with lust.

"Turn the fuckin' thing off, asshole!"

Quickly I pulled the plug from the socket.

"On your fuckin' knees! Time for your orange juice."

Trying not to scream in pain I fell to my knees and opened my mouth. The thick stream of dark yellow piss spurting from his uncircumcised cockhead and I gulped madly, making sure I didn't spill a drop.

"From here on out you clean the fuckin' gym. Start with the crappers!"

Now he shook the last drop of piss into my waiting mouth. "Fuckin' portable toilet!"

Sir, would you like a quick blowjob before breakfast?"

He slapped me so hard across the face that my head banged against the rug. "You'll get my dick when you earn it, asshole." His mouth curled into a savage grin and he moved forward, waving his uncircumcised cockhead tantalizingly under my nose.

"I'm sorry, Boss," I mumbled.

"You're always sorry, you fuck-up!" he sneered. "Did you clean the locker room?"

"As soon as I finish this carpet, sir!"

He moved to the door of the bedroom. "If you're a good boy, Georgie, I'll give you a sniff of my jock strap." He slammed the door behind him.

Painfully I got to my feet, rubbing at my aching legs. Shit, would I ever get his big dick again? The first night he let me sleep at the foot of his bed. In the middle of the night I'd slipped into bed and stuck my tongue up his bunglehole. He picked me up with one giant arm and threw me into the walk-in closet.

"This is your bedroom, closet queen!" He'd roared with sadistic delight.

The sticky crap on the floor stuck to my fingers. Finally getting it off, I put the vacuum cleaner away. Had I been nuts to quit a job where I was knocking down a thousand a month? Here I was making an absolute zero. The son of a bitch told me I should pay him for slaving twenty-four hours a day in this place.

I flipped on the light in the gym, carefully studying my body. Wow! What an incredible change. Killer's words rang in my ears, "You gotta push yourself to the limit, kid! Groove on the pain! When you're positive you can't do another rep, do ten more!" The son of a bitch was always right there to see that I had some pain to groove on!

I tensed my abdominal muscles. Clean cuts of sinew etched into the hard flesh of my belly. Admiring my own waistboard stomach, I got a hard on. Three hundred situps every single day for the last two weeks and now five hundred a day! The torture was incredible but I was nuts about the obvious results. I had to admit that Killer knew what in hell he was talking about.

The sparkling chrome fat machine was a testimony to our new success. The ball began to roll when I sold a cut rate membership to Miguel Gomez. Mr. Central California, he was a tough street Chicano with satin-brown skin, tightly stretched over his powerful, hairless body. When Mig's checkbook signed up we were suddenly heading toward success.

Grabbing a yellow tape measure I checked my bicep. Sixteen and a half inches! I'd packed on an inch and a half of bulk in one month! Tearing myself away from the full-length mirror, I rushed into the locker room. Whew! It stunk!

One half hour until we opened.

Quickly I hosed down the steam room and the showers.

I shoved my arm into a urinal that was full of piss, using my palm as a plunger. It swooshed down the drain.

Attacking a shitty toilet bowl with a scrub brush I thought of the night Killer had fucked the blonde with the big tits. He was slamming it to her dog fashion and I was peeing from the closet, whacking away at my dog. Just as I shot my load Killer jerked open the closet door. His huge prick was dripping with cunt juice. His hand shot out, twisting my balls. I'd passed out.

Finishing with the locker room, I ran into the lobby to open the front door. It was exactly ten o'clock. Killer was talking to a handsome new blond stud. My heart almost stopped. My God, of all people, it was none other than Rip Powell, the All Star center-fielder of the Miami Studs, the golden boy of baseball!

"Preciate you taking over for a couple days," Killer'sapped Rip on his muscular butt, in the buddy tradition of athletes.

I'm nuts about baseball and Rip Powell in particular. I'd been stoned on grass when I'd watched the '74 World Series on TV. I always smoked grass and kept a popper handy when the golden boy was on the tube. It was the seventh game. The bases were loaded and Rip, who batted clean-up, strode arrogantly to the plate.

Leaning back on the couch, I sniffed my popper and whipped out my dick, grooving on his beautiful body and his pugnacious chin. He swung hard at a knuckleball and ended up on his ass at home plate. Strike Two. He jumped up, grabbed at his crotch, adjusting his dick. Then he pointed to the right field bleachers!

Do it, Rip!" I screamed, working hard on my stuff pre-ex. The crash of horsehide on wood and the right fielder didn't move. He watched the ball sail over his head into the right field bleachers. I shot my load all over the color TV. What a rugged macho stud!

I was shaking as I looked at him in person. He was much better looking than on TV. His pants clung to his muscular body like glue and his basket was outlined against the thin material, hewing his big mushroom cockhead. I wanted to suck him off on the spot.

Blond curly hair swirled over his forehead and golden body hair pushed at the top of his T-shirt. His deep chest cut in a V to a small waist. His deep blue eyes were fringed with long, curling lashes and his moustache partly covered his upper lip, accentuating his strong, aggressive chin. Need I say it? Rip Powell was the golden boy of baseball. And he was going to run the place for a few days!

"C'mon, ole buddy! Gotta inspect the locker room before I take off." Again Killer patted Rip on the ass.

I walked three feet behind them, the buns of Rip's gorgeous ass stuck out in solid masses of muscle. I could almost see the golden hairs around his asshole.

Killer inspected the steam room and the showers. "Gettin' good, kid!"

I felt a rush of joy when he smiled at me. Still my eyes flicked to the mushroom knob of Rip's cock. The crazy pain smashed at the back of my head. Suddenly I was gagging and coughing. My face was shoved into a pool of stinking water. Killer snapped my head back and I gasped for air. He had shoved my head into a toilet bowl.

"Can't do nothin' right!" He pushed my head into the bowl again, an inch away from the pissy water. "You see that lump of shit in front of your nose?"

"Yes sir. I see it!" I was burping and gagging.

"Clean it!"

"How can I, sir. I..."

"Use your fuckin' tongue, asshole!"

He shoved my face into the bowl. He roared with laughter as I licked at the cruddy crap. I swallowed the top layer, but the rest was caked solidly to the enamel.

"Don't take all day, creep!"

In desperation I bit into the caked-on shit with my teeth. Finally it was shining white. Then I threw up into the toilet bowl. A fantasy was okay but Killer was going too far, humiliating me in front of the golden boy.

"Lay off the kid," Rip squared off, his fists clenched.

Killer laughed. "Shit, Georgie loves it!"

"He...ah...what?" Rip's mouth fell open.

"I'll prove it to you, Rip." Killer's eyes were twinkling.

"If I'm wrong you can have a free shot at my chin. Okay?"

"I dunno. I..."

Killer pushed my head deep into the toilet bowl, into my own vomit. Strange things were happening deep inside me. A wild, strange passion. My crotch was suddenly on fire. I shot all over my sweat pants.

Killer tossed me to the locker room floor like a sack of potatoes. He flipped me on my back and tore off my sweat pants. "The queer son of a bitch shot all over himself."

Rip's mouth fell open again. His face was beet red. "God damn son of a bitch!" His hand was unconsciously grabbing at the mushroom knob in his pants.

"George's got his eye on you, Rip."

"Never saw nothin' like this before." Rip shook his head.

The mushroom was growing in his pants.

Killer patted Rip on the shoulder. "You wanna fuck the kid in the face, Rip?"

"What the hell... what do you think I am?"

"Do you or don't cha?"

Rip clenched his hands and his chin shot out pugnaciously.

"I only fuck girls, Killer!"

Killer shrugged. "How come you're playin' with your hard on, Rip?"

Rip jerked his hand from his crotch. "Shit, man, ain't bin laid for a few days." But he couldn't look at Killer.

"Gotta split, Rip. George's all yours!"

Killer dug his fingers into my shoulder. "You do every thing Rip tells you! You hear me loud and clear, asshole?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered.

Killer turned and left. Rip kept his distance all day. I worked hard at making him mad but it was no dice. But still I didn't give up. I wanted the golden boy almost as much as working out in the parallel bars and I was grooving on his body. I knew it was pissing him off. Especially when my eyes riveted on the tremendous bulge of his crotch that was accented by his blue bikini. He was a Greek god with the golden hair on his chest whirling down to a thin line ending at his belly button.

The only other guy working out was Mig Gomez, the stocky Chicano. He'd just finished a deep squat with 550 pounds and his satin skin glistened under the neon lights. Mig squatted, watching us.

Rip finished on the parallel bars and flopped onto the bench, reaching up to the rack for the 250 pound weight. His legs were spread wide, bracing himself. One golden ball slipped out of the blue bikini. I licked my lips.

"Need some help, Rip?" I asked, still staring at his crotch.

"Get the fuck away from me!"

I stepped back still staring boldly at him, my eyes grooving on his golden muscles as they bulged and strained on the bench press. He slammed the weight into the rack.

"What the fuck you starin' at?" he snarled. His fists were clenched, ready to strike.

"Your left ball's hangin' out, Rip!"

I thought he was going to punch me out. "Get the fuck outta my sight, you queer son of a bitch! I can't stand the sight of you!"

"Yes, sir," I said with a smirk on my face. I locked the front door and then hurried into the locker room. I was picking up some dirty towels when Mig came out of the steam room. Beads of sweat popped out on his mountainous chest. A though he had no hair on his sat in his chest his crotch was covered with thick black hair and his huge dick was half hard. I stared hard at his prick. I was horny as hell and Mig was one good looking macho stud.

Turning away slowly I bent over, reaching for a dirty towel. My trick worked. I felt my sweat pants being pulled down. Then a finger probing at my bunglehole. "Okay I fuck you? Okay?"

His satin skin was rubbing against my back. God damn, his finger felt good. I wanted to but I was scared. Hell, Killer would kill me if he found me fucking around with the member. Mig sat on his hand and shoved two fingers up my shit-hole. I pulled away.

"Ees alrigh. Doan worry yerself." He held his heavy prick in his hand. "Ees okay, baby. You gonna like dees beeg one. Ees gonna feel good."

"I'm sorry, Mig. Killer would get pissed off. I'd get fired and..."

"Well, the asshole did something right!"

I whirled around. Killer was standing in the doorway with a big grin on his face.

"Hi, Boss." I was taken aback. I didn't see him.

Mig still held his dick in his hand. "Ees okay I fuck him, Killer?"

Killer roared with laughter. "Guess we gotta keep our customers happy. Ees okay. Mig Gomez?"

"Fuck me!" He snarled, showing a gold tooth.

"Put the screws in him, Mig. Killer ordered."

Mig shoved three fingers up my ass. "Ees good."

"Grab your ankles, Gomez. Killer ordered."

"Nice. Like pussy. Gonna feel good."

Killer grabbed his cock. "Ram it home, Mig. The kid loves it rough."

I screamed as Mig's fat dick slammed at my ass. A second later his Chicano meat was going up my noly. "Oh, yeah, baby. You like... you like... ees good for you."

Fuck that butt, K. I yelled. "Slam it home!"

Without removing his dick from my ass Mig pushed me to the cold tile floor. He got me on my hands and knees and now he was slamming his rock hard cock even deeper into my hot guts. Looking up I was staring into the blue bikini crotch of Rip Powell. His legs were bulging out of his head. I played he'd take three steps forward, pull down his bikini and ram his mushroom in down my throat. But it was Killer who took the three steps. He unbuckled his belt.

"Ees good, poosy! Ees just like poosy. Ees good." Mig was pumping his brown meat into me harder and harder.

Suddenly my head twisted upward and the enormous cock-head of Killer McKenna was under my nose. The stink of it almost turned my stomach.

"Ain't cleaned the crotch off it in two weeks," his face contorted evilly. "Take a good look, Rip. This queer son of a bitch's gonna eat the cheese from my dick!"

The stinking cock pressed against my lips. My head whiffed as I stuck out my tongue, tentatively tasting the drool from his pisshole.

"Eat the fuckin' cheese, asshole!" he cried.

Rip stepped closer. His eyes glazed, as if he were hypnotized. The mushroom head of his dick was sticking out the bottom of his blue bikini. The pre-cum ran through the golden hair on his leg.

Closing my eyes I finally dug my tongue into the creamy crud of Killer's foreskin. He moaned in wild rapture. The ecstasy hit me and I hungrily licked hard at the rotten smegma. It oozed down my throat.

I checked Killer's huge knob. It was shining clean. Suddenly there was an animal scream. Mig jerked me back, his ass hitting the cold tile. I sat full on his huge prong. It slammed deep into my guts. I thought it would come out my mouth. His fingers dug into my stomach muscles and he bit hard on my deltoids as his cock jetted his gism up my hot ass.

"Ees good... ees good... like poosy!"

A popping sound and I felt empty as Mig pulled his dark prick out of my bunglehole. He slapped me on the ass. He made a sucky sound with his mouth. "Make good poo... sey!"

My head jerked forward as Killer grabbed my hair, shoving my face into Mig's crotch. "Clean up time, George."

I lapped hungrily at my own shit from Mig's swollen balls and a kick. Rip's mouth was wide open and his fingers pressed at his giant mushroom cock. Taking his hand away he gazed at the drool on his fingers. Quickly he wiped it on the blue bikini.

"Whatchu you wanna fuck?" Killer asked.

"What? What?" Rip's eyes were out of focus.

"You're drooling all over your leg."

Rip flushed and shoved the mushroom head into the blue bikini. It was like a pole in a tent. He ran to the showers.

"Gotta get cleaned up!" he mumbled.

"If you think a cold shower's gonna help, go right ahead."

Killer shook his head in disgust.

Facing away, Rip slipped out of his blue bikini. I gasped. His muscular body was deep bronze but his ass was milk white and covered with fine gold hair. I wanted to bury my face in his beautiful milk-white ass. It looked so forbidden.

"Slam! Bam! A fantasy tore at my mind. A subway john in Manhattan. Dull green paint... grey filthy concrete floor... covered with piss... I was lying on my back in a doorless stall... no toilet bowl in the stall... where n hell was it... the click of a dime shoved into the meter outside... Killer and Rip Powell enter... "Gotta shit." Rip sez... he enters

my stall . . . he unbuckles his belt . . . pulls down his pants oh, wow . . . I'm the crapper . . . I'm the toilet bowl . . . I stare at the golden ass squatting over my face . . . gold hair moves . . . his asshole stretches wide . . . wider and wider . . . bigger and bigger . . . "Don't shut on me. Don't." . . . Rip doesn't know I exist . . . I am the crapper . . . the fat light brown turd peeks out of his hole, silently, slowly moving downward . . . growing and growing . . . longer and longer . . . a gentle plop . . . plop . . . his bung hole closes with a strange sound . . . a fart . . . a gentle warmth covers my face . . . from my forehead to my chin . . . I cum . . . and cum and cum . . . and cum . . .

Whew! I tried to shake the fantasy out of my head. Rip finished his shower and carefully wrapped a towel around his waist.

"I'll be back tomorrow morning, Rip! I've got to go check out some equipment," Killer said, patting Rip on the ass.

"Have a good time, Killer," Rip couldn't look him in the eye.

Later, in our apartment behind the office, I wondered if Killer wanted to see his R.P. Whew! What an incredible sight that would be! Rip had gone out to a movie and was restless and horny as hell. Here, for the golden boy, I prayed he didn't bring home some gal.

Going into the kitchen I fixed the energy-packed drink Killer made me take twice a day. Two raw eggs, Brewer's yeast, dessicated liver, a tablespoon of cod liver oil and six ounces of orange juice mixed on the blender. "I want the healthiest slave in the County," he'd said.

The door pulled open and Rip stomped through the kitchen. Without a word he moved directly into the bedroom. He walked like a sailor on a floating dock, was as stiff as the cracker but it looked hopeless. Nervously I lit a cigarette from my hidden stash but sniffed it out after one puff. It tasted lousy. Shit, what I really wanted was Rip's mushroom knob.

Oh well, I have to live with this thing as it is. Opening the refrigerator, I found a long, thick cucumber. It was the size of Killer's cock; it was a giant cucumber. Since it was ice cold I ran hot water on it.

Turning off the kitchen lights I crept through the bedroom. With a sharp intake of breath I stopped short. The full moon shone through the open window casting Rip's gold nuts. He was bared naked lying on his back with his mouth open and his mushroom knob half hard and resting on his muscled left leg. The moonbeams turned his blond crotch hair to a deep gold. Six inches in length, six inches in girth, my trig wad. He cracked his nuts, moved his legs between his legs, resting on his large golden balls.

I wanted to leap on top of him and devour his body but I slipped into my walk-in closet. I left the door ajar. Shit, I could use Rip for a jack off session. I hadn't washed out my asshole after Mig had poured his huge Chicano load into my guts. The long, fat cucumber slipped in easily. It felt damned good . . . for a cold cucumber. I stroked my dick slowly, feasting my eyes on the golden boy on the bed.

I sat bolt upright, my body tingling with excitement and hope.

**THE OPEN WINDOW . . . THE BEDROOM WAS COLD . . . WHY WAS RIP LYING NAKED? WAS HE PRETENDING HE WAS SOUND ASLEEP? DID HE WANT ME TO SUCK HIS GOLDEN DICK?**

Peeking through the crack I studied his rugged face. No movement! Nothing! Then he barely opened his eyes. They focused on the closet. Rip Powell, the golden boy of baseball was playing possum!

My heart pounded madly as I eased open the closet door. My hands were shaking. What if I was wrong? What if Rip had awakened for a moment? What if he was a real homophobic and he'd me? I hesitated. Should I?

Standing over the bed I drank in his beautiful body. Then I saw the drool on the piss hole of his huge mushroom knob. My heart pounded as I realized he knew I was staring hard. His fat dick responded, edging slowly away from his thigh, almost touching his belly button. His golden penis was bigger than my hot mouth. Now it was fully hard and covered his navel.

Gently my tongue licked at his gorgeous piss hole, sucking up the clear drool. He didn't move a muscle. Mmm, Ripature engulfed me as I sucked the big mushroom into my mouth. I swallowed his golden drool and then I pushed his balls into my mouth.

Suddenly his fist shot out, smashing the side of my face. I

tell backward onto the floor, blackness grabbing at me. I pushed it away, trying to stand, but my knees buckled. My head flew forward as his strong hand dug into my hair, pulling my head.

Golden legs spread wide and thick he towered over me as he held my head in his hands. He was growling wildly as he rammed his mushroom dick all the way down my throat in one brutal thrust. He held my head hard against his taut belly, pumping my face harder and harder. He grunted like some strange animal. Then he slammed me to the floor and astride my face he got his hot dick as far down my throat as it was possible to go.

YAHGHHHHHH . . . AGH . . . FRA . . . AGH . . .

His hot sperm blasted at my throat. I swallowed greedily but still it spurted out, running down my chin. He jerked it out of my mouth and still the hot cum blasted from his hot dick, hitting my forehead, my cheeks and my neck. Finally the fountain of youth stopped.

Rip stared evilly down at my cum spattered face. I hungrily ran my tongue over my lips, licking at his still hot cum. Then I put my hand to my face, finding the cum, licking my fingers eagerly. Giving me a disgusted sneer he jumped into bed, turned on his side. Rip Powell hadn't said a single word.

My eyes lingered on his body as I moved to the closet. His massive right leg was bent at the knee exposing the golden hair fringing his bung hole. I couldn't go into the closet with his inviting ass staring at me. I just could not resist his delectable ass.

My tongue licked at the golden hairs. Since he didn't kill me, I decided to stop sucking him. "You never give up, do you, shiteater?" He spoke for the first time.

Lazily, I showed my tongue deep inside his great hole, into the hot funkiness. His strong hands grabbed at his muscular buns, pulling them wide, letting me in deeper and deeper. He lay there for a half hour as I sucked and licked his gorgeous bung hole.

Finally he moved. "What the fuck ya got there?"

The hard callouses of his palm felt good around my throbbing seven inches. He began to stroke my rock hard shaft, faster and faster. But I wanted more from the golden boy than a hand job. My fingers entwined in his silky hair and I gently pulled him down to my crotch.

"What the fuck?" He spoke softly.

"Kiss it . . . kiss it," I moaned. His sensual mouth was an inch away from my dripping tool.

"Ah . . . ah . . . never . . ." he mumbled.

"Like satin, Rip, like satin," I whispered.

I eased my cockhead closer and it was pressed against his moist lips. The golden hair of his moustache felt great on my throbbing knob. "Open your mouth, Rip," I said.

His words spread by his mouth. Then his lips moved slightly and my burning prick pressed against his teeth. My hand touched his jutting jaw, opening his mouth. My hot dick slipped into his mouth. I bit my lip, concentrating, trying not to shoot my burning load. The golden boy of baseball was sucking my dick!

He was lying on his side. I slipped it in and out of his mouth gently at first, but then I quickened my tempo. I slammed it in the way down his throat. He didn't gag. I grabbed his golden penis and jammed his head all the way down to the hilt. I couldn't hold back any longer and I blasted off, deep in his throat. My sperm came from way down in my guts. I gripped his head making sure he swallowed all my burning hot spunk.

I finally pulled my dick out of his mouth. I moved to my walk-in closet. "You give a great blow job. You sure it's the first time you ever sucked a hard dick?"

His face twisted into a weird grin. "Ah . . . kid, this is between you and me. Okay?"

I opened the door of the closet. "Is that an order, Boss?" I asked innocently.

He looked puzzled as I slammed the door of the closet. I wasn't going to tell Killer that Rip was a cocksucker. I had a strong feeling that Killer would find out. Wouldn't that be a groovel? I wanted to see Killer's monster prick up the golden ass of Rip. Maybe Killer would make Rip Powell his slave. Hmmm. He would be Slave Number Two!

I shoved the cucumber up my ass and went peacefully to sleep. It had been a beautiful day and I could hardly wait for Killer to return in the morning.

TO BE CONTINUED

*The trophy  
on display*



*Greasing the cock and balls.*



*Waxing up the hard on.*



*Pissing off the mold*







*Waxing the subject's balls*



*Coating the base of the cock*

Here's a do-it-yourself section you won't find in any issue of *Popular Mechanics*. It's something for you more trophy-minded Masters—a step by step guide to casting your Slave's cock. The session pictured here is the handiwork of satyr/photographer Peter Munkaas, who has a special relish for using the torturous hot wax casting technique.

To make your own casting of an erect cock, melt one pound of paraffin (or sealing wax). Place it over a fondue pot base or chafing dish candle unit to keep it at working temperature. Have your subject kneel on the floor of a table and spread his knees, then coat the pubic area liberally with grease. (Vaseline works best.) Paint a thick coat over his cock and balls (up to his asshole), inside his thighs,

and across the belly up to his navel. Slave or vassine pubic hairs away from the casting area.

With a 1" brush, coat the front of the balls with the hot paraffin, building up several coats until the wax is  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Then move up the side of the sac and around to the base of the cock and coat it equally as thick.

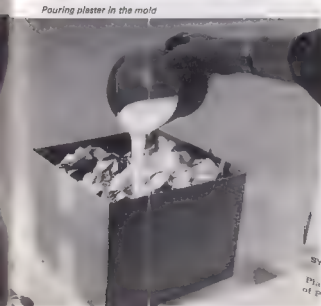
Now work up the cock to an erection without touching it. Use some anal action, dirty talk, poppers, tit clamps or whatever it takes to keep it stiff as you proceed up the cock with a  $\frac{1}{4}$ " coat of wax. It must remain rock hard and totally immobile until you wax off the knob with the final coat.

As soon as the last coat is hard, the subject can relax. The best way to remove

the finished mold is to have him piss it off—carefully. You don't want to drop it.

To cast a plaster replica of the mold, fill a box with sand or tightly stuffed newspapers and sit the mold in it, the opening level with the top. Mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Plaster of Paris and pour it in slowly. The slave pictured took  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.

As you pour it is very important to bump, jostle and tap the mold to eliminate bubbling. Let the filled mold set for an hour. After it has cooled, lift it out of the box and lightly slice the wax coating with an xacto knife, then peel it off. Let the plaster cast cure for at least eight hours before you sand it and patch any airholes. After that, it is ready to be painted, mounted or whatever collectors do with their trophies. □



*Pouring plaster in the mold*



*Lifting out the plaster cast*

**"YOU WERE NEVER REALLY  
FOND OF ALL THOSE  
EXQUISITE TORTURES: THE  
WAY THE PIGS WOULD GIVE  
YOUR BALLS FIVE OR SIX  
TWISTS AND LEAVE THEM SO  
SWOLLEN YOU WALKED LIKE  
AN ARGENTINE GUACHO."**

The *bagne*, or penal colony, mistakenly known as "Devil's Island" was actually a series of prison camps scattered over three small islands—Saint-Joseph, Royale, and Diabie—collectively, and with unconscious bitter irony, known as the *Îles du Salut* ("Islands of Health"). They are located off the coast of South America's French Guiana, only two degrees north of the equator, and for just under a century following their inauguration as disciplinary camps in 1854 were the home of some 52,000 French convicts. At any given moment in time during their heyday, their growing inhabitants numbered approximately 1,200. Only 12 (1%) of these were confined on Diabie ("Devil's Island") itself, the northernmost and smallest of the three, the most exposed to wind and waves.

"Devil's Island" came to denote the penal colony as a whole not as a result of its individual horrors (which were minimal when contrasted with the other two), but because of the notoriety of its "inmates," most specifically Dreyfus and Ulmo. Its name was dramatic, and the *evadés*, those convicts who escaped from one or another of the many other camps in French Guiana, would always insist they had escaped from "Devil's Island," which harbored only the elite Devil's Island (Diabie) never had a murderer on it: it was a "soft asylum" for traitors and politicians. In his controversial autobiography, *Papillon*, "Henri Charrière" has his facts in line with reality at least in this instance.

After a flat coastal area it rises rapidly to a high plateau where there was the guardhouse," he recalled, "and one lone barracks for the *bagneards* (prisoners) . . . Officially Diabie was not supposed to receive ordinary criminals, only those condemned and deported for political reasons. Each political prisoner had a small house with a tin roof. On Monday he was given his food for the week and, every day, a loaf of bread.

The political prisoners had nothing to do with the regular *bagneards* and sometimes wrote to Cayenne (capital headquarters), complaining about this or that *bagneard* on the island. He was then returned to Royale."

Hassold Davis's *The Jungle and the Damned* is a journalist's report on the entire penal colony, and, despite an annoying penchant for hyperbole, the basic facts in his treatise jibe with those of other witnesses. Visiting when the penal settlement was liquidated (c. 1950), he relies heavily on the reminiscences of former convicts, and one named Dubois reported that "I've been here seventeen years, and do you know what I've dreamed about the last ten years? No, monsieur, not France, but Devil's Island. That must be paradise, monsieur. Figure it out for yourself, there were never more than twelve men on it, political criminals of high class, talking with each other about books and things. Sometimes, like the Captain Dreyfus, they had as servants men who were my companions . . ."

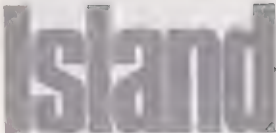
However, if Devil's Island *per se* was a "paradise," the rest of the colony was the direct opposite, a "hell." Before going on to investigate the tortures and punishments and humiliations that made up this hell, it might be best at first to clarify

# Devil's



some recurring terms. The division of convicts and ex-convicts in French Guiana were complex, but four of their designations will do for our current purposes. The *transportés* were murderers; the *relégués* were thieves with more than four convictions; the *libérés*, either murderers or thieves and frequently both, had served their time and were free in the colony, but would be kept there until they had served a number of years equal to the term of their former prison confinement. The fourth group, *déportés*, political prisoners of the Dreyfus and Ulmo sort, was a race apart.

At the time Davis visited, "pajamas of blue and white, or green and white, were cherished by the convicts as relics of the lean years of the penal settlement, when clothing was scarce. There was a curious masochistic pride about these effigies of men, their penance was their boast, they vaunted their afflictions. Twenty-two welts they gave me; look at these scars . . . Six months of the solitary cell . . . Thirty years I've had of it . . ." Usually, teeth were missing as a result of malnutrition, beatings . . .



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**"HE WAS TAKEN INTO THE  
JUNGLE, MANACLES TO A  
TREE AND FLOGGED UNTIL  
HIS BACK WAS RAW. THEN HE  
WAS LEFT. TWO DAYS LATER...  
HIS BACK WAS ALIVE WITH  
ANTS, MAGGOTS AND OTHER  
INSECTS."**

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As an introduction to the colony, escapee Charriere's description is most graphic: "... At Saint-Joseph we were met by a reception committee headed by the warden of the penitentiary on the island. As we entered the large iron gate with '*Reclusion Discipline*' written above, I realized that this prison was no joking matter... We were lined up in two rows and the warden said, '*Reclusionnaires*, as you know, this prison is for the punishment of offenses committed by men a ready condemned to the *bagne*'

"Here we don't try rehabilitation. We know it's useless. We try to break you. We have only one rule: keep your mouth shut. Absolute silence. Unless you're seriously ill, don't ask to go to the infirmary. You'll be punished for an unwarranted medical call. That's all I have to say. All right, guards, let's get going. Search them thoroughly, then put each one in a cell."

"I looked around my cell. It was hard to believe that a country like mine, France, the cradle of liberty for the entire world, the land which gave birth to the Rights of Man, could maintain, even in French Guiana, on a tiny island lost in the Atlantic, an installation as barbarously repressive as the Reclusion of Saint-Joseph. Imagine one hundred and fifty cells, back to back, their four thick walls pierced only by a small iron door with a wicket. Painted above each wicket was the warning: 'Do not open this door without special permission'.

"On the left was a wooden bunk with a wooden pillow. The bunk folded back and hooked to the wall; there was a blanket, a cement block in the corner to sit on, a hand broom, a mug, a wooden spoon, and a metal sheet hiding a pall attached to it by a chain so that it could be pulled outside the cell to empty it, and pulled back in when you needed to use it. The cell was nine feet high. Its ceiling was made of iron bars as thick as streetcar tracks, so close together that nothing of any size could get through.

"Above that was the actual roof of the building, about twenty-two feet above the ground. Above the cells and looking down on them was a walk a yard wide with an iron railing, where two guards paced back and forth from opposite ends, stopping when they met and turning to retrace their steps. There was a little light at the top, but at the bottom of the cell you could barely see even in broad daylight. I started immediately to walk... One, two, three, four, five and turn. One, two, three, four, five and turn...

Only twenty-four, Charriere was not a stranger to torture. In Paris, he had been picked up and "grilled pretty hard" at No. 36, quai des Orfèvres. Talking to himself to help while away the endless hours on Devil's Island, he says "You were never really fond of being knocked about, or of all those exquisite tortures, the way they shoved your head under the water until you were perishing for want of air and you didn't know whether you were dead or alive; the way the pigs would give you balls five or six twists and leave them so swollen you walked like an Argentine gaucho for weeks on end, the way they crushed your nails in a paper press till the blood spurted

and the nails came off; the way they beat you with a rubber truncheon that wounded your lungs, so blood poured out of your mouth; and the way those two-hundred-pound bruisers would jump up and down on your belly as if it were a trampoline.

Such preliminary softening up in France was continued with devilish refinements on the prison ships bringing the condemned to Devil's Island. One of these, *La Martinique*, is recalled in *The Man from Devil's Island*, on which during the crossing criminals "fought each other for supremacy, but even the most ferocious fight was usually carried out in complete silence. Nobody wanted the guards to rush in and beat everyone within reach; or, worse still, the steam to be turned on."

"There were also other punishments on *La Martinique*."

"Particularly difficult convicts were taken from their cages and put in the special 'hot room,' a tiny airless hole next to the boilers, from which they emerged scarlet and blistered from the intense heat. Another disciplinary device was the 'Bench of Justice,' a narrow ledge about five feet from the ground. A man would be forced to sit on the ledge - a scant three inches wide - with his back to the bars and his hands pushed through them and manacled behind him so that he could not fall off. After a few hours on this seat a man would be crippled for weeks afterwards with torn and strained muscles.

"Convicts who were to be 'clapped in irons' had their bare feet thrust through the bars of the cage and manacled together so that they could not draw them back or stand up. They just had to lie there in the spew and the contents of the latrine bucket that swirled about them like a putrid sea..."

"Twice a day we were washed, a small copseman as the sailors stuck sea hoses through the bars of the cages and hosed us down. For one hour each day we were taken up on to the deck for 'exercise' and made to stand in rows facing the sea. Talking was forbidden. If a man spoke he was dragged away and whipped. Even when the ship entered the tropics we were forced to stand in the burning sun and many of the men fainted. They were just left where they lay... It took between fourteen and twenty-three days to make the trip from France to French Guiana..."

Charvin was one of Devil's Island's punishment camps, reserved for those convicts caught in escape attempts. Again, we are indebted to *The Man from Devil's Island* for a vivid, if understated, description of life at Charvin: "Here we worked naked, hacking down the iron-hard timber and cutting it into the log lengths that made up a *stere*. At night we were given back our red and white striped rags and then shackled together in wooden huts. Other men worked at making *bardots*, little roofing boards used in lieu of tiles. The task was set for fifty a day. Failure to complete it meant a whipping or worse."

"Guards who had fallen out with the Administration were also sent to Charvin and they took out their frustrations on us. But some of the Corsican guards had volunteered for duty... here they could use their full sadistic inclinations."

"I saw men buried up to the neck in damp jungle soil, with only their heads above ground, and left there for twenty-four hours. All day the sun beat down on their shaven skulls and the ants and mosquitoes had a field day. Usually when a man had gone through this he was quite mad for several days. And some never recovered. Sometimes a man who had angered a warder was stripped, coated with damp sugar and tied to a tree near an ant hill. Others were tied to trees and left there for two or three days. When they were freed they were a mass of insect bites many of which became infected."

There is then related the fate of a convict who struck back at a guard in self defense "He was taken into the jungle, manacled to a tree and flogged until his back was raw. Then he

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## IN THEIR FRANTIC EFFORTS TO GET AWAY FROM GODEBERT ONE CONVICT JABBED A PIN INTO HIS RIGHT EYE. ANOTHER RUBBED SPERM INTO HIS EYES (UNTIL THEY) BECAME TERRIBLY INFECTED."

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was left. Two days later he was still there and his back was alive with ants, maggots and other insects. He shouted for water, begged the guards to kill him and tried to beat his brains out against the tree. At night he agonised creaked across the camp where we stirred restively in our huts. On the third day the chief warder visited him. Almost too weak to talk, the man begged for water and was refused. He cursed the French; he cursed the guards, he cursed the mother who had borne him; and finally he cursed God.

"Then he died."

He continues that "Subsequently I was transferred to Godebert, like Charvin a punishment camp. We worked naked there, too, and received our clothes back at night. Technically, Godebert was a camp of *concessionnaires-transportes* hired out to a civilian contractor for work in the lumber yards. We worked from six in the morning until five at night, dragging the heavy trees from the jungle to be sawn into logs... It was the hell camp of *la bagne*, as much feared as Charvin, but the work was even harder."

"Men did terrible things in their frantic efforts to get away from Godebert. They deliberately injured themselves in ghastly ways so that they would be sent to hospital. I knew of one convict who jabbed a pin into his right eye. Another rubbed sperm into his eyes and became terribly infected."

"We were literally beasts of burden. Harnessed, naked, two by two, we dragged the heavy timber out of the forest to be cut up. The contractor paid the Government four francs a day for us. If a man died there was always a list of recalcitrants who could be sent to replace him. They brought in water buffaloes to help in the work. But the contractors favoured the buffaloes above the convicts. If a buffalo was hurt or became ill it was rested. If a convict became ill he was worked until he dropped and then a demand for a replacement was sent to the Administration. The buffaloes were worth five or six hundred francs. The convicts were worth nothing."

Daily life and punishments at Devil's Island comprise the larger portion of Hassoldt Davis's book, although everything in it is seen retrospectively. He films, for example, that "I was shown the funnels and the cylinders of stone where those who had committed a *betise* (a foolishness) had been confined until they went mad or died. These were small individual dungeons lighted and aired almost imperceptibly by a three-inch hole high above. And in them, said our guardians (guides),

those 'foolish boys' were kept, alone, clamped by the *fer* (the iron horsehoose) to the tilted bed of boards, with no companion but the vampire bat."

"A condemned man couldn't see the bats in that darkness, and even had he not been shackled he never could have struck them with his flailing arms. These little bats, rarely more than a foot in wingspread, would make contact with him only while he slept and they were in need of blood. Their system of bloodletting was as evil as that of the prison itself, which would grind a man's morale to fibers, not quite killing him, then let the rest of him putrefy and slough away."

"The vampires would hover over his bare feet, never touching him until their teeth made the painless needle-sharp incision so they might suck a minute quantity of blood; the fearful thing was that they injected simultaneously a non-coagulating agent into the bloodstream, which would leave the wound flowing until the convict awoke in the morning with a quart or more of his blood drained out to the floor..."

And here is how standard living conditions are described. "The shed was almost totally dark inside. Facing each other and running the length of it were two continuous platforms of wood which served as beds for the prisoners. They were tilted slightly so that the men's heads would be higher than their feet, since there were neither pillows nor mattresses. Our guide said 'It is hard to believe that fifty men should have been enclosed here in darkness, with only a half hour's promise of morning and evening...'"

Then the guide, inevitably, deals with the question of sexuality under such circumstances, saying "You couldn't blame them for what happened in the darkness—fifty men spontaneously going mad and fighting like snakes in a snarl, or one man killing another by quiet strangulation. From halfway across the island you could hear them weeping, singing, orating, or the cries of the pederasts, like herons."

"Most of them had lovers, whose faces were unknown to them, and what must have been most horrible to the newcomer here in the dark was the touch of an assassin's hand on his throat or a lover's on his thigh. You can imagine him, trying not to cry out, and then the word blurred, echoed, tossed from wall to wall until those who slept slashed at their neighbors or hugged them in mistake." Then this guide, a black named Goulou, continued:

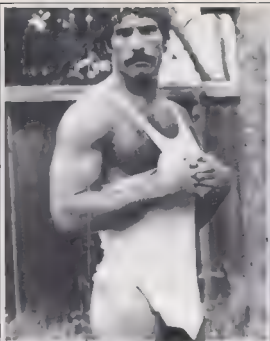
"Without books, without diversion except what their bodies afforded them, the prisoners produced their own museums on their skins with a sharpened bamboo splinter and ink, or vegetable dyes, such as indigo. And when you saw tattooing upside down it was usually that of a man who, because of his 'foolishness,' had been shackled in the solitary cells and had kept his mind balanced by tattooing his dreams upon himself."

Upon first arriving for this assignment, Davis had been promised a gift by the host-custodian who was showing him around. "Our host, the *surveillant* with the gray gruel-colored eyes, was offering his promised gift, a capsule of highly polished aluminum about three inches long, smoothly pointed at both ends and joined in the middle by intermeshing threads. 'You can see,' said our tutor with one eyebrow raised far up, 'that there is space inside for at least ten thousand franc notes, folded small'."

"It is a contrivance, monsieur, which fits readily into an orifice of the human form. It is called the 'plan.' It is the bank of the criminals who have no other place of security for their treasures, surrounded as they are by the world's most expert thieves. Freedom may be locked in this capsule if one can escape with it, but if we catch him—hal hal! it is the drollest you would not say that we were ungenerous with the castor oil!"

Death seems to have been the most permanent escape from Devil's Island, and its instrument the guillotine. There were three of these, in "the house of guillotines," and an imposing sight they must have been. "glittering royally with golden hinges which were heavy brass. The wooden standards stood upright like undertakers, surrounded by coffins in which the finer mechanisms were stored. There was a clean click as each oiled latch was opened. We looked at the great blades, greased and comfortable in dirty satin, tapered for quick diagonal slicing like a fish's ventral fin. There was a big basket, brightly polished, lined with tin, to catch the body, and a small one to catch the severed head..."

The French always were very tidy about such things. □



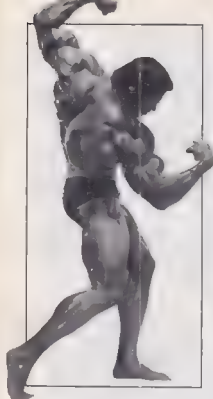
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Charm" is a word rarely, if at all, associated with the sweatily-egocentric world of body building. Denizens of mirrored health clubs, absorbed as they must necessarily be with nches, muscle tone, and food supplements, seem somewhat unreal to those of us whose tenuous connection with the field of physical development is at best a periodic dip in the pool or foray onto the tennis court and at worst voyeuristic.

Thus would the odds seem to be weighted implacably against the success of any film — especially a *documentary*.



# Pumping Iron

for God's sake! — whose subject matter is the aspiration of a bevy of grunt-and-groan behemoths to develop the most perfect body in the world, a signal honor authenticated by the bestowal of a "Mr. Universe" or "Mr. Olympics" title. Yet this is precisely what Cinema Five's *Pumping Iron* essays to do; and, lo and behold, manages to handle with no small measure of success and no little, er, charm.

Youthful George Butler (33) conceived this project nearly five years ago while working on an assignment for Sports Illustrated, and with writer Charles Gaines put together a book with the same title (now in its fifteenth printing) while beating the bushes for backers. Complete financing was still to be realized during the year or so the results of cinematographer Robert Fiore's expert lensings were being edited.

The first and shorter half of the film consists of a rather routine exploration of what several amateurs go through to prepare for an annual Mr. Universe contest. A former pro football player who is now a phys-ed teacher, Mike Katz, engages our sympathetic interest in this segment. When competitor Ken Waller insidiously wrecks Katz's concentration and causes him to lose, we are treated to a moving glimpse into the vulnerable human being behind all that inflated musculature.

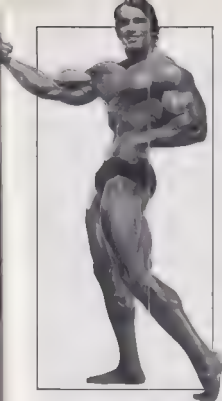
A neat transition propels us into the professional Mr. Olympics contest which makes up the larger section of the film. Here, subtly and slickly, we are drawn

into a classic hero-villain confrontation. Cast by default in the good guy role is formidable Arnold Schwarzenegger, the 29-year-old Austrian-born hunk who had already won this title six times and is now eager to retire on the crest of a winning lucky seventh. Handsome, built like a brick sauna, blessed with a sexy hint of accent, Schwarzenegger radiates "class."

His antagonist is 24-year-old, Brooklyn-







born Louis Ferrigno, obviously a surrogate for his fussy trainer/father, an ex-cop. To the untutored, Ferrigno's body is no less overdeveloped than Schwarzenegger's, but when it comes to a dead heat, class *will* tell. The still-bovish Austrian has more than a glimmer of intelligence buried beneath all that brawn, and his cutting edge of confidence proves the Brooklynite's undoing.

The success of this film is a direct result of the intense non-involvement of the filmmakers. They present in depth and with understanding — but they do not comment. Their observations are incisive, catching, in what is the essence of true documentary style, the unguarded moment, the significant glance, the revealing gesture. Hence, no one in the film emerges pure white or solid black everyone, each of those massive monsters, is touched with humanity.

On top of last year's *Stay Hungry*, *Pumping Iron* bodes well for the transforming of Schwarzenegger into a major media threat. His junkets from a Playboy-like pad in Santa Monica (easily affordable on his reported annual income of c. \$100,000) to hot seats on various talk shows have proved him determinedly heterosexual ("I have suffered from being stereotyped so I feel for what it must be like to be gay"), straightforward ("a pumping bicep is like having a hard on... I spend my whole day coming"), and — might as well confess — charming.

Ed Franklin

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Illustrations by THE HUN

# ASTROLOGIC

**LIBRA S - (May 21-June 21):** Don't let your love life get too serious. Plan a romantic dinner with your loved ones. Do something spectacular. Dressed leather in Dale County, FL.

**GEMINI M -** Invite Anita Bryant.

**CANCER S - (June 22-July 21):** Pretend you're loved, call your slave cheap and unimaginative, sit back, see what happens.

**CANCER M -** Miser, tell if you are! Unimaginative, never be out, buy the sterling silver ass-spreader that your favorite S has always wanted. Five pound can of Crisco optional.

**LEO S - (July 22-August 21):** Being the coordinator that you are, invite Madonna Thompson and William Leeb to emcee a special charity slave auction with the proceeds going to "Coalition for Human Rights."

**LEO M -** This is your month for turning a back... give it away... give change back from their dollar.

**VIRGO S - (August 22-Sept. 22):** Show your friends at the office what you really think of them. Take a trip to an exciting city like San Francisco... leaving them TIED to your obligations.

**VIRGO M -** Stay at home, work hard and let everybody else take the credit.

**LIBRA S - (Sept. 23-Oct. 22):** Playing pirate can be fun. Pick up sailing, rent a yacht and cruise the Bermuda Triangle. Black Beard knew how to have a good time.

**LIBRA M -** Sign up as a crew member. Why not try a mutiny? After all, walking the plank and losing everything is just that new adventure you've been looking for.

**SCORPIO S - (Oct. 23-Nov. 21):** Go out in the sun and rub plant an exotic garden. Try Prickly Pear, San Pedro and Peyote. Succulents for variation.

**SCORPIO M -** Be a little organic minded. Buy your master "101 Erotic Uses of Cactus."

**SAGITTARIUS S - (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):** Bury your slave at the beach standing up. Wait for the tide to come in and the fun begins.

**SAGITTARIUS M -** Bounce off of it. That's what you're digging.

**CAPRICORN S - (Dec. 22-Jan. 20):** It's summer and time to redecorate. Try wallpapering your slave's rectum.

**CAPRICORN M -** Pick out some rolls of floral print paper and ask your favorite S where to put them.

**AQUARIUS S - (Jan. 21-Feb. 19):** Get interested in a sport: take up pool and wrack up a few balls.

**AQUARIUS M -** It's your master's birthday so buy him a pool table and throw a party... prepare to be wracked up.

**PISCES S - (Feb. 20-Mar. 20):** Hold graduation ceremonies for your slave school. Make them prove what they really know, award degrees in Abstract Masochism.

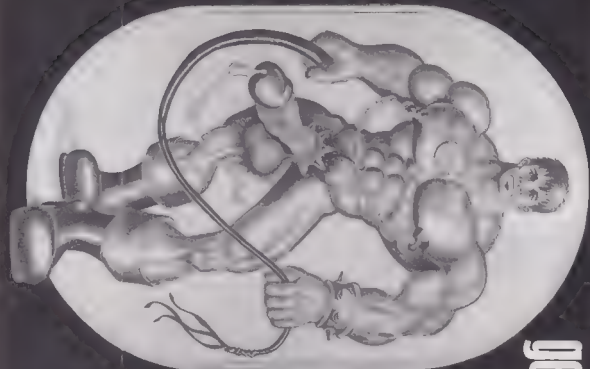
**PISCES M -** You have just been selected as class valedictorian - prepare a speech on the benefits of incorporating "Masochism with Zen."

**ARIES S - (Mar. 21-Apr. 19):** Hold a Play Day party for all of your patriotic friends, remember to fuck them for old glory.

**ARIES M -** Be creative... wear a red bandana, a white polo shirt and blue bruises.

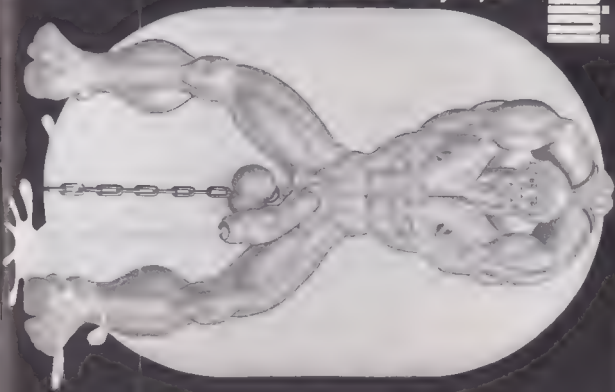
**TWINNIES S - (Apr. 20 - May 20):** Take your slave on a bike run to Yellowstone and bring all your favorite toys, but don't worry about the enormous bug. Old Faithful will take care of everything.

**TAURUS M -** Show your slave how to use a pitchfork on a steak correctly.



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HOOK SECTION



Vicтор simply stood beside the deserted highway, the heat waves creating cooling pictures across the desert. His lean legs were spread apart and his hands were in the hip pockets of his jeans. He looked down at the ground, his eyes fixed on the Mexico desert. Even the mountains looked dry and dusty in the distance. He shivered uncontrollably, gritting his teeth. His coarse-cropped dark hair matted in ringlets across his handsome forehead from the sweat. It was hot. God was it hot! What a hell of a place to be stuck!

He rubbed his crotch unconsciously. God, that last ride had been a super dude! But... as usual... nothing had happened. Shift! He felt his oversized crotch begin to harden, creating a bulge in his jeans.

His five foot six frame, lean and muscular, looked even more dwarfed by the vastness of nothingness that lay around him. Now he wished that he had stayed at the truck stop.

His pocket and he could at least be enjoying a coke... or a beer... If his ID would pass Seventeen! What a shitty age to be! His mouth was parched and in the distance he could see a cool looking pond of water... but by now he had learned that it was only an illusion created by the heat waves so he diverted his attention. As he looked around at the dead desert, he realized what a tedious bore life could become at times. He felt alone... and a little afraid. Fear he wasn't used to and the feeling was more than alien and confusing.

The gravel crunched beneath his boots as he moved back onto the hot pavement. The creeks of his small ass flexed and tensed as he moved, beneath the overly tight pants. He gazed without hope up and down the deserted highway. Nothing. He hadn't really expected anything, anyhow.

He began to walk... slowly... tediously... beneath the heat. He could feel the sun against his bare skin even through the light shirt and he was dripping sweat. He needed something to drink... and bad!

His one hundred and forty pounds felt like two hundred as he moved one foot in front of the other, his vivid brown eyes squinting against the desert sun that beat down on him relentlessly.

Suddenly his eyes spotted something ahead. It looked covered canteen. He picked it up and shook it. He could hear nothing but took the cap off anyway and tipped it up to his eager mouth. A few drops trickled out onto his tongue. Stale water! He tossed it aside carelessly. At least now he could feel that another human being had passed this way before and apparently made it. The thought comforted him somehow and he plodded on, tired and hot beyond belief.

Suddenly the vague hint of a sound came from behind him. He whirled around quickly and saw a tiny speck moving toward him on the highway. His heartbeat quickened and he swallowed hard. It was moving slowly toward him down the sweltering highway... damned slowly! A possible ride! His breath caught in his throat and he almost choked. He quickly tucked his thin, form fitting shirt more neatly into his pants and prepared himself to try hitching a ride. He ran his hands through his damp hair, trying to smooth it into place. He took a deep breath and waited... impatiently. The protruding imprints of his tits showed clearly through the thin material. He pulled in his thin waist and expanded his chest to make the right impression. He could tell now it was a truck... a big one... and you could never tell about truck drivers! His cock was still semi-hard... the heat had made him horny as hell. It seemed pretty obvious to him that he had made his intentions... hips slightly forward to make it a little more obvious... hoping against hope!

The gigantic piece of wheezing machinery moved more quickly toward him now as it approached him. He could vaguely see the form of the driver behind the wheel.

He watched with burning eyes until he could tell that it was a blond steering the huge machine. As the big, new Mac shiny red... got closer, the flare of the desert sun on the windshield confused the man's features and Vic couldn't tell what he really looked like. All he could tell was that the pale hair looked wind-swept and sexy.

He stuck out his thumb at just the right moment and heard the air brakes hiss as pressure was applied and the huge piece of equipment slowed to a stop almost directly beside him. There was a brief moment of hesitation, the engine throbbing, a rhythm in the background. Then a handsome, blond man

showed itself at the window on his side. The smile was disarming and a little arrogant. Vic's heart raced in his chest.

"Hey, kid... need a ride?" The driver looked up the deserted highway, his eyes fixed on the Mexico desert. He looked keenly back at the man.

"How long you been waitin'?" Again that broad, flashing grin as the man looked over at him and started the truck to pull out onto the highway, peering out into his side-view mirror.

"Oh... about an hour..." Vic rubbed his tired legs and then folded his arms nervously across his chest. "I walked from the truck stop..." The man smiled over at him, a twinkle in his bright blue eyes.

"You should have stuck around for awhile, kid... I'm like you a ride!" Vic felt himself flush and the big man winked and reached over and patted the boy's leg. Then he left it there, resting on the worn levis just at mid thigh. Vic gulped.

heat as the guy squeezed slightly with his big fingers. They rode the distance for awhile in silence, the New Mexico landscape sliding by mile after tedious mile. The big rig rumbled beneath them and Vic wondered how these guys could ride the rigs all day and night. It seemed like such a drag!

"Thirsty?" The deep voice startled the boy as he gazed out the window.

"Uh... yeah... yeah, I am... very!" The trucker reached down and pulled a cold can of beer from an ice case on the floor, then handed it to Vic with another grin, flashing in the sunlight. "Here... this'll do ya' good."

The boy hesitated a moment, looking from the can of beer to the trucker and then popped the tab. He leaned sideways and tossed it through the open window out onto the desolate landscape.

at the crotch but not quite. Vic noticed it but pretended not to. His cock was getting hard again and for some reason it embarrassed him.

He slugged at the beer a couple of times and it felt good in his stomach. He didn't feel the hand move again for a long time.

They rode for many minutes in silence... the tension in the air was thick. Vic began to feel a little giddy... he wasn't used to drinking... He reached timidly for another one and took a few sips. Suddenly everything seemed very funny to him and he began to giggle as he stared through the side window at the passing countryside.

The hand crept up suddenly and cupped his full crotch, shocked at the suddenness of the move. Again he felt the warmth flooding through his crotch. The fingers plied suddenly at the soft flesh beneath the levis and Victor squirmed in the seat. There was a short silence as the fingers kept playing slowly.

"How's about it, kid?" Vic hesitated for a moment.

"Uh... how about what?" He held his breath, knowing what was coming next but almost dreading it for some strange reason. Again that smile... flashing in the sun light.

"How's about a little?" Again Vic paused and gulped at the beer in his hand nervously. The big, handsome blond made him nervous for some reason and he couldn't put his finger on it.

ished and the driver looked at him seriously, his blond hair drifting over his forehead like a little boy with muscles.

"Aw... com'on now, kid!" He paused and stared hard at Victor's young face. "The way you're dressed... the way you act... you're not here just for the ride and you know it!"

Vic swallowed hard, trying not to let his feelings show on his face. It apparently didn't work.

"O... okay... I guess..." He wasn't sure what he was

...sing. Again he glared at him from across the seat.

"That's my cue!" The driver's eyes returned to the road. There was a slight pause. "There's a turn off with a lot of trees blocking it from the road not too far up ahead... we'll stop there..." Vic held his breath without realizing it and gazed up the road ahead through the windshield, suddenly nervous.

They rode in silence for awhile, the truck driver's hand kneading Vic's crotch like soft dough. The boy was completely numb. He squirmed in the seat and closed his eyes. The man's big, muscular fingers were feeling along the outline of his hardon and it was driving him crazy! His cock was throbbing and pulsing beneath his jeans.

Suddenly, far up ahead he saw the turn off with the trees and his heart quickened in his slender, muscular chest. His chest expanded as they approached the turn off and the trees slowly. Time seemed to creep.

"We're gonna have a ball, baby... wait and see!" Vic didn't answer... he could think of nothing to say verbally. His mind was traveling much faster than the truck.

At last the huge tires of the big rig crunched against the gravel as the driver pulled off the highway and nestled the truck in behind the trees like a pro. It couldn't be seen from the highway.

Suddenly the big man had Vic in his arms and smothered his mouth with hard, vicious kisses. He was hungry and it showed in his forcefulness. Vic's lips felt bruised and he

was all over him like a heavy pillow. The man only squeezed harder, his hands searching out each curve and crevice of the boy's slender body like a starving animal. Vic gasped and fought for breath.

The big hands began unbuttoning his shirt and slipping it off of his shoulders. Vic's chest was exposed to the desert air.

He was moved back from him slightly. He was a sexy son of a bitch! He felt a little embarrassed for some reason as he began to strip in the cab of the truck, his clothes falling onto the floor.

His full lips unconsciously. He eyed every inch of the naked, young male body beside him. His eyes sparkled as if he were staring.

"Let's go outside the truck, kid!" He grinned mischievously, his teeth sparkling in the sunlight through the windows. God! He was handsome! "Come on... nobody can see."

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the man's gaze... and the half smile that toyed and played across his handsome mouth.

Suddenly, in one deft move, one bracelet of a pair of handcuffs snapped with finality around one of the teenager's slender wrists. He looked down, stunned, and confused. The big man's other hand reached out and grabbed the other bracelet in place... making the boy bent over and helpless, his head hanging and his dark hair glistening on his forehead from both the heat and the nervousness at what was happening.

"How does that feel, little boy... huh?" He laughed into the silence of the desert, the sound strange and alien. "Now you have a new master!" Vic's body quivered slightly at the implications in the voice and the laughter. He felt foolish and

lashed to the front of the truck.

He heard a swish as the big blond pulled his belt from his jeans. It snapped in the silent air, the sound reverberating across the desert. The seventeen-year-old cringed, recognizing the sound from other times... other places.

Suddenly he felt the strong, gruff hands running along his naked body. They started at the broad shoulders and worked their way down to his slender waist where they squirmed until the fingers met around him. The boy's attention was temporarily diverted by the heavy sighing of the desert wind through the trees surrounding the truck.

by the lash of a heavy leather belt against his bare ass. His muscles tensed and flexed and he yelled aloud.

"Yell as loud as you want, kid... nobody's gonna hear ya' out here, anyhow." Again that laughter taking the place of the wind. It wasn't as pleasant. Again the lash of the belt and Vic buckled against the onslaught. His knees hit the ground uncontrollably.

"On your feet, boy." He rose slowly, dreading more of the same. His ass cheeks burned from the lashes already and he was scared... genuinely scared.

"Please stop!" He paused and gasped for air. "Stop!"

"Stop?" Again that throaty laughter. "Stop! I've just begun, kid... just begin to enjoy that sexy body of yours!"

Against the leather hit, this time up between his legs and bashing against his hanging balls. He almost passed out from the pain that boiled up from his groin.

"Oh, God!" he murmured, almost to himself.

"He won't help, kid... he isn't even listening!"

undid his pants and lowered them to his knees, looking around suspiciously first. Satisfied, he returned to his task... the small, tight buns in front of him... tensed and ready.

There were a few moments of silence and then the big hands spread his tense cheeks apart by force. He froze as the head of a monstrous cock pressed itself against his asshole.

He prayed silently for someone to come by... pull off onto the turn off... Nothing...

"Christ!" he murmured. Again the laughter.

"Christ comes in small packages, kid... don't count on the head of his horny cock touch the rim of the young boy's asshole."

"Damn!" he muttered to himself and to the cactus.

He shoved slowly, feeling the rim of his big cock slip through the tight muscle of the boy's asshole. The kid groaned loudly as the cock forced its way into his body. He tried to move away from it but it only followed him relentlessly.

passionately. He cringed as he felt the tool slip another inch inside his helpless body. It was stretching his hole wide open and he groaned beneath the attack.

The big hands slapped loudly and smartly at the sides of his ass cheeks and the muscles tensed even more.

"That's it, baby... make them buns as tight as you can... daddy wants it tight!" Vic whimpered into the wind, the sounds being carried across the desert almost instantly... uselessly.

The big hands reached around his slender body... one grabbing a tit and mashing it between two muscular fingers and the other grabbing his cock and balls and squeezing them... mashing them together relentlessly. There was pain from both sides of the boy's body now.



"Please... please stop... please..."

"Huh uh!" There was a grunt from behind and above him.

The cock plunged in all the way in one thrust, almost tearing him apart. He screamed into the wind but it lost forever against the endless sand. The deep laughter above him echoed off into the hillsides around them, the rocks reverberating with the sound. The big truck driver threw his blond head back and gritted his teeth as his cock hit bottom. It pounded against the young boy's ass and he reveled in his ecstasy.

"Hyaaa yahl!" The big man's chest expanded with his cry of triumph. His cock began jolting in and out without regard for the kid's feelings. Vic's knees bucked beneath him and strong hands simply pulled him upright again without a word. Vic yanked at the manacles around his wrists but to no avail.

"Please don't do this to me... I'll blow ya'... anything!" There was a pause and then that laughter again.

"Don't worry, little boy... you'll get a chance to do that, too, don't worry!" Once more the laugh. "Daddy will take care of ya'... good care of ya'!"

His monstrous tool plunged inward and downward, hitting the prostate. The boy yelled again into the nothingness of the desert. It sounded weak and hopeless somehow.

The huge cock kept plunging in and out of his asshole, stretching it wider with each lunge... grinding the hips in a circular motion that caused more pain for Vic. He buckled against the onslaught and once again was lifted up by two muscular arms.

"Stay on your feet, you little bastard!" The breath was hot and heavy with desire now and close to his ear. The big man's teeth started chewing at the tender flesh of his shoulder, grinding and tearing mindlessly. There were grunts from behind the boy... meaning something... meaning nothing but passion.

The force of the gigantic plunges knocked the air from the kid's lungs and he grunted himself, almost in unison with the big man standing above him.

"Oh, shit," he whimpered almost silently. "Oh, shit!"

The big man pulled his prick out to the very rim, spreading the asshole wide open... then he plunged it back in to the hilt, viciously. Vic's knees hit the ground with a crunch and he gritted his teeth against further outbursts which only seemed to inflame the man on to more violent actions.

This time he wasn't lifted to his feet. The cock pulled abruptly and callously from his ass and there was a moment of silence. Vic waited with bated breath. Slash!

The boy could feel the cold metal of the truck bumper as his naked chest collapsed against it.

The leather belt hit him again... buckle first... raising welts almost instantly. It started at his shoulders and worked its way down his naked body to his ass and there became more furious in its attack. The blond groaned with each lash as if it were causing him an orgasm. Vic could hear the crunch of sand behind him as the big man moved to better position himself.

Suddenly the belt buckle crashed against his cock and balls at the same time and Vic screamed in mortal agony. A deep slow chuckle sounded behind him. The boy closed his slightly parted lips instantly, trapping the belt in place. It was yanked cruelly from between them, making his legs burn. He moaned in hopeless pain.

Suddenly the whipping became faster and harder, the big truck driver slashing with each stroke of his arm... back and forth, the metal and leather biting into the teenager's skin with each stroke. His young, naked body shook with each blow and tears rushed to his eyes, overflowing and running down onto his smooth cheeks. He didn't say anything... it was useless, and he knew it resignedly.

"Ummm... looks good, baby... real good!"

Suddenly the lashing ceased and there were a few moments of silence which only made Victor more nervous. He could hear slight rustling sounds from behind him but couldn't turn his head far enough around to see what was going on. The big blond had stripped himself of his levis.

Suddenly he swung himself around in front of the boy and sat on the cold bumper, his massive legs spread... the golden hair shimmering in the desert sunlight. Sweat was pouring off both of their bodies. It ran in rivulets down the blond's massive chest and gathered at his belly button. His grotesque, hard cock stood up proudly, the moistness glistening on its surface

right in front of the boy's face. Vic swallowed hard... knowing what was coming next.

"Eat me, little one... eat me good!" He thrust his hips forward, the heavy, low-hanging balls draping down across the bumper of the truck... two gigantic orbs... twitching with each surge of his hardon.

Vic closed his eyes against the sight and opened his mouth automatically... knowing that there was no escape from his plight.

"Open wider!" He complied, his jaws feeling the strain.

He felt the huge head of the prick enter between his lips, stretching his mouth open even more. They already ached. He could taste the masculinity from his own asshole and felt the slickness of pre-sex on the head of the cock. It tickled the entire head and his mouth spread it down along the monstrous shaft. The big blond groaned aloud, the sound carrying out across the broad expanse of sand.

His bounts kicked Vic's legs further apart and his gruff, old hands grasped his head and pulled it down until the turgid cock was as far down his throat as it would go. Little Vic gagged uncontrollably but then quickly regained his composure. No reason to fuck up now!

He began circling his broad tongue tightly around the piece of male meat in his mouth. He licked away the pre-sex fluid and spread it over the shaft again. The big man groaned loudly.

There was silence for a few moments as Victor simply sucked as was required of him at the moment. His mouth couldn't accommodate the gigantic proportions of the cock in between his lips but he did the best he could. The desert wind whispered amongst the trees that were hiding the truck from the roadway. It whispered in its own language... probably about what was transpiring on the desert sand below it. It was as if unseen eyes were watching and waiting... waiting for the inevitable climax like whispering voyeurs, awaiting the end.

The cock rammed and jabbed against the tender back of the boy's throat as the gigantic and muscular lips moved like pistons in the desert air.

There was suddenly a swish through the air above the kid's head and he tried to yell around the prick in his mouth as the leather strap slashed at his small, firm, rounded ass cheeks. He jumped automatically as the belt landed again... a much harder slash this time, but without the buckle.

"No... please!" But the words came out jumbled and unintelligible. Again the belt smashed against him, raising another welt amongst all the others already there from previous abuse. The big man above him started to laugh but it was cut short and came out sort of a gurgle from deep in his throat.

"Ahhh... shit!" He gasped for air. "I'm gonna cum, you little bastard. I'm gonna cum." He grunted as the first jets of bitersweet cum raced into the helpless boy's mouth and trickled down his throat. Vic swallowed hard, trying not to taste it. He gulped faster and faster as the orgasm became more copious and forceful.

The cock pounded against the back of his throat relentlessly, leaving the boy breathless.

"Take it all, baby... take every inch... every drop!"

Despite his efforts to swallow every jet of cum, some leaked out around his tight lips and splattered onto the sand. It was just too much to take and somehow he felt both ashamed and afraid of the big man's wrath. He dreaded more of the whip. He'd do almost anything to escape it again. He cringed at the thought. It was too late... the leather belt crashed across his ass with a more than mighty blow. He did all he could to keep from biting down on the cock in his mouth.

"I said to eat it all, you little son of a bitch!" He slapped the boy hard again on both cheeks with the open palms of his hands. Tears welled up in Vic's eyes. He was trying as hard as he could to please and apparently it wasn't enough. He felt abashed... and not only from the slap of the hands. He closed his eyes, the long, dark, heavy lashes moistened with tears as he continued to suck the gigantic prick in his mouth as the last jet of gizz spurts into his waiting mouth. He swallowed quickly and felt the big body before him spasm with the last of his orgasm. He could feel the hanging balls against his chin and it began to turn him on. His own oversized cock began to harden now that the act was all over with. The sticky taste of cum clung to the back of his throat like glue and he gulped, trying to force it on down.

The big man let out a sigh of relief and his whole muscular body went limp. Slowly, his immense cock went soft in Victor's mouth and still filled it to capacity. The thought turned Vic on even more and his prick throbbled in the open air as he kneeled at the big blond's feet.

The handsome, blond head rested back against the grill of the truck and he closed his eyes in ecstasy, his prick slipping out of the teenager's mouth by itself. It finally plopped heavily against his big balls, the skin glistening with spit in the desert sun.

"Whew! You sure know how to take it, baby... you sure know your business!" Victor gulped heavily... clearing the rest of the cum from his throat.

He felt a relief as the monstrous cock slipped from his mouth. He grabbed a deep breath of air, relishing the relief.

His own cock was still hard and the big blond grabbed it and twisted it against his groin, grinning all the while. Vic tensed and grimaced against his will.

"Like me to take that, wouldn't ya'... huh?" Vic nodded almost hopelessly, his eyes closed against the pain. "Tough break, kid... I don't do other guys... only fuck!" He laughed, his ethereal laughter echoing off amongst the low hills of the desert as Victor shivered at the sound and the words. He needed to cum so badly that it was an actual physical pain. He didn't dare jerk off. He might arouse the big man's anger and he wanted no more pain not today. He'd had enough at the hands of the big blond.

Suddenly another truck rumbled by and they both froze for an instant. As it passed harmlessly, the big blond pulled up his pants and laughed again as he gazed at the beautiful boy in front of him... his passion, but not his admiration, satisfied.

Suddenly Victor's hands were released from the bumper of the truck and he was thrown gracefully to the sand, naked.

"Make it on your own from here on in, kid... you were fun!" He laughed that peculiar laughter again. "I'm sure you'll have no trouble getting on your feet soon. You're the type." Vic cringed physically and emotionally as he gazed up at the towering, blond giant. How could a guy be so callous? The desert suddenly looked endless to him again and he shivered despite the heat of the endless sun above them.

The driver climbed back into the cab of the rig and, with a peculiar smile, pulled back onto the empty highway and rumbled off without another word. Vic felt suddenly vulnerable and alone. From far off he heard the cry of a strange animal and it gave him goosebumps all over his naked body.

He gathered his scattered clothing and dressed quickly, his dark eyes darting around him for signs of movement. Nothing. Not a thing but death and devastation. Again he shivered, his shame sore. "Self-bastard!" Gave him my best, he thought to himself... and he leaves me stranded! Fucked again! When's something good going to happen to me?

He finished dressing, and stepped out onto the deserted highway. He looked up the road in both directions. Nothing. He felt it figured. He started walking slowly and without hope. Come, mess, he could become a teddy bear, god damn it and this was one of those times. He thought of the big blond and his cock started hardening again against his will. The son of a bitch. Back to the bush.

After what seemed like miles of walking in the hot desert sun he heard a low purring coming up behind him. He turned and the sight gladdened his eyes. It was a convertible... new... cruising... slowly. He couldn't make out the guy's features yet though.

As it grew closer, he could see the guy clearer. Dark hair, short and curly... sort of Greek style. Yeah.

Just on the chance, he stripped off his shirt and showed it into his back pocket! Jangled across one cheek of his ass. His hard packed little body gleamed in the desert sun. Inviting... for the right person. God. He hoped this was the right person.

He felt a moment of panic and frustration as the car pulled past him. Then it pulled over onto the gravel and stopped. The guy looking through his rear view mirror to see if the boy was coming toward the car. He was... on the run, and the driver smiled to himself. Cute kid... maybe it would be worth it! He rubbed his crotch through his expensive suit pants. His cock was already hard. His suit jacket, very expensive, was draped over the edge of the seat beside him. He pulled it down beside himself in anticipation of a rider.

Vic's heart pounded as he approached the new, expensive

convertible. The guy was handsome in a devilish sort of way. He climbed into the plush, leather seat beside the guy. Out of the corner of his eye he viewed the bulging muscles and the crotch. Also the expensiveness of his clothes... as well as the car.

"Where you headed?" the guy asked casually without looking at the boy conspicuously.

"Albuquerque eventually." Vic tried to keep his eyes staring out through the window beside him... the wind blowing through his short hair and feeling good. It felt luxurious as he leaned back into the plush seat.

"Good! That's where I'm headed, too. Maybe we can go all the way together." The words seemed to hold a double entendre. They rode in silence for a few moments.

"What kind of work do you do?" Vic asked casually, still staring out the window beside him.

"Stock broker..."

Ummm... no S & M here... just soft sex... any... Vic thought with relief.

They rode for miles without a word. A shy grin crossed the man's face without the boy noticing it.

As unknown to Victor, as he watched the same desolate countryside, on the floor of the back seat lay an expensive leather bag of "toys" hand cuffs, leather jackets, and a whip.

The boy rode on in silent innocence, trying to count the pains already suffered by his abused body.

It seemed like hours that Victor had been staring out through the side window, the wind blowing his short dark hair into tossed curls. It had really been only a matter of a few miles.

The dark, handsome stranger beside him didn't say a word and little Vic didn't notice the glances that the man was giving him out of the corner of his eye.

Finally, and suddenly, the silence was broken. It instantly startled Vic from his lethargy. The new convertible glinted its shiny surface into his eyes until he had to squint against it.

"How come you're going to Albuquerque? Family, kid?" Vic hesitated for a moment. He didn't really know why he was going. Why? Just because he'd been bored there!

"Nope. I was born there but there's nobody left there for me at all." He paused. "Just somplace else to go, I guess."

"I have a house there if you don't have anything else to do." The driver cleared his throat. "Maybe you could have dinner there with me. How's about it?"

Vic turned and looked at the man. The dark eyes sparkled as if from some secret joke. The guy stared directly into him... almost as if he were looking through him and into his mind. The eyes looked cool black in the bright light and their intensity made Vic shiver. He tried to mask it by coughing into his hand as the eyes pinned him with their strange stare. It made Vic a little uncomfortable and he squirmed in his seat.

"Okay... if you're sure it's alright." He was quiet for a few moments, his mind whirling with all that had happened so far. "You have someone waiting for you?" The handsome man smiled... a curious little smile.

"Nope... just the two of us." He smiled again. "That okay with you?"

"Sure... I guess..." The stranger's hand reached over and squeezed his lean, muscular leg. Vic tensed without realizing it and the guy felt it instantly.

"Relax, kid." The man laughed softly. "I'm not gonna hurt you. Vic tried his best to relax but it was almost impossible. He felt a feeling of forboding for some reason.

They rode for another few moments in silence, Vic deliberately staring through the side window, spitting with dust. The endless miles of sandy desert all blurring past him through the smeared glass. His mind was totally confused. When the man had grabbed his leg he'd gotten an instant hard on and now it bulged through his thin pants... throbbing and pulsing even though he tried to will it consciously to go down. It was an entity of its own and refused to obey. He remembered the truck driver and, in retrospect, it only made it much worse. As much as it had hurt, he was still excited about the whole sadistic scene he had just been through. It was weird, he thought... weird! He couldn't understand it at all!

Vic glanced over at the driver... casually, yawning pretentiously. The man's black hair was tossing and waving in the breeze from the open convertible, making him look like some

sort of god . . . his bronzed skin glistening in the bright desert sunlight

The man's hand inched its way very slowly up to his crotch, at last cupping it in his palm. He squeezed it lightly . . . cautiously.

"You play games kid?" His eyes were now glued to the road as if avoiding direct contact. A slight hint of a strain crossed his handsome face.

Vic gulped audibly as the hand began fumbling for the zipper of his pants. He didn't dare to move. He felt very self-conscious.

"A good 'lookin' young kid like you must have to be into a lot of scenes when he's hitchhiking out in the middle of the desert, right?" Vic thought of the truck driver and winced emotionally. His fingers are set into his left wrist.

"Games?" He swallowed hard again. "I don't know exactly what you mean. The question seemed ludicrous in view of the fact that the handsome stranger's hand was already pulling his cock out of his pants. Victor never wore shorts. Soon his proud prick stood upright in the desert sun. It was so large that it seemed out of proportion to the smallness of his muscular frame. He could hear the driver's breath coming harder and faster as he stroked the silken skin of the boy's dick. It throbbled beneath his touch. Slowly . . . up and down . . . the cock growing larger by the second. . . the air in the convertible feeling cool against its nakedness. It bulged.

"Enough for now, kid . . . time for this later . . . at my place . . ." He seemed somehow relieved.

Again he was horny.  
"Sex, kid. Good, old fashioned sex!" His eyes were still glued to the stretch of deserted highway that wound its way through the wind-blown sand, becoming a black piece of thread in the far distance, almost a perfect straight line stretching into absolute nothingness.

They descended the hills and headed into the jumble of ights below them.

Well, kid . . . this is it . . . home . . . "Vic heard a whirring sound as the top of the car started coming. When it hit, the guy atched it down. He grinned at Vic. "Everybody out!"

Vic pushed open the heavy door of the convertible and stepped out onto the cement driveway. His legs felt weak for some reason and nervousness tugged relentlessly at his brain.

The man, about six feet two or so, opened the door of the large house and ushered the boy inside the lavishly furnished living room. As Vic passed by him, the guy patted his small ass with appreciation.

"Ummm . . . nice stuff . . ." was his only comment as they entered the house. "Have a seat, kid." He started to turn for the hall way and paused. "My name's Mark, by the way . . . what's yours?"

"Vic . . . Victor . . ."

Well, Vic . . . why don't you fix us both a drink." He

doubles for both of us." He turned and headed down the hall as if expecting to be obeyed automatically.

Vic amped toward the bar and manag

Vic

Vic

Vic

Vic

Vic

Vic

Vic

He stood in front of the big man and began unbuttoning his shirt. He had put it back on in the convertible because of

the . . . and even . . . themselves to . . . an  
tive's naked torso . . . the slender but hard-muscled chest  
the dark, prominate tits that stood out proudly. He licked his  
lips unconsciously as the boy dropped the shirt to the floor  
and slowly and nervously began unbuckling his belt and un-  
zipping his pants. The trousers dropped down around his  
trembling ankles and Mark reached out and grabbed a handful  
flesh. He let go suddenly and sat back against the sofa

"Let's go into the bedroom, kid." He took Vic by the arm  
and led him into the hallway. They entered the bedroom and  
the boy was surprised by the decor of the large room. There  
were whips on the wall and the bedspread was pure kid  
leather, soft and smooth . . . and black. The windows were  
completely blocked out by the heavy leather drapes, giving the  
anywhere.

Mark shoved him down onto the bed and the leather cover  
gave the boy strange sensations. The kid fell with a grunt.

There were shackles top and bottom and they soon en-  
cumbered his wrists and ankles, making him spread-eagled  
upon the bed . . . helpless. He strained at the bonds for a short  
time and then just gave up. Images of the truck driver entered  
his spinning, young mind. He buried his young, sexy face in  
firm buttocks looked delicious even with their previous stripes  
from a belt. If anything, the marks turned Mark on even more  
and his monstrous cock throbbled through the opening in his  
pants.

Vic heard the big man take a whip from the wall above him  
and braced himself for what was surely to come. There were a  
few moments of silence. He could hear the man breathing  
heavily above him. He felt he pless and strained at his shackles  
but to no avail.

Mark drew back his muscular arm and the swishing in the  
air was audible even to Vic . . . his face still burned in the  
pillow on the bed.

Vic bucked, his ass cheeks tensing as the cat-o-nine-tails  
slashed against his butt. He groaned into the pillow. The lash  
marks burned and he grunted as they struck again, the big man  
standing over him, smiling sadistically. He liked watching the  
young teenager buck and twist on top of the bed and it only  
turned him on even harder. The juice of pre-sex was already  
running down the length of his big dick as it swayed in the air  
with every heavy lash.

The bright red stripes crisscrossed the smooth, satin skin  
and Mark couldn't take his eyes off of them. He licked his full  
lips and sweat popped out on his forehead as he raised the  
whip again and slashed at the firm flesh. The marks appeared  
almost instantly and Mark's eyes sparkled as he watched his  
handiwork. The boy squirmed on the bed, the ass cheeks  
tensing and tightening with each lash. Small groans could be  
heard, muffled by the thick pillow.

Suddenly the big guy landed, his body bending with the  
boy's. His cock pushed its way into the crack between the  
small cheeks and the monstrous tip found the delicate asshole.  
Vic tensed as he felt the nearness of the intrusion. The big  
head forced its way into the hole and the boy groaned loudly  
at the penetration. His ass burned both from the whip and the  
entry of the cock.

The male piece of meat, oversized, began inching its way  
into the smaller body and Mark groaned softly to himself as  
he felt his shaft being engulfed by the boy's ass. It was tight  
and seemed to grab at his dick. He had the hole stretched to  
its capacity and Vic groaned loudly at the invasion.

"Please . . . please take it easy . . . please!"  
"Shut up and take it . . . what the hell do you thank you're  
here for, anyhow?"

The cock pulled out callously and Vic's ankles were un-  
shackled. Mark's mouth found the . . . and began working in  
them with a vengeance. The boy squirmed helplessly, his  
hands crisscrossed after he had been turned over onto his back.

Now . . . Mark's . . . front of the boy's naked body. He started at the chest and  
worked his way down the stomach and onto the cock, which  
was now hard despite the pain. The boy felt the whip lashing  
at his cock and balls and managed to turn over onto his  
stomach again to escape the pain.

Mark flipped him back over and shackled him onto his back in a spread-eagled position again. The boy's stomach heaved with his breathing deep and labored. Still his cock was hard and he found it hard to reconcile with the pain he was feeling. The whip lashed again, the tips lashing between the legs at the nuts and the kid screamed a loud despite his efforts to remain silent. His cock was beginning to ooze the clear liquid that came before sex and he couldn't quite understand it. His eyes were closed, the long, dark lashes misted with tears of pain.

"Beg me to stop, you pretty little bastard . . . plead with your master to stop!" The whip slashed against the boy's bare belly. He bucked on the bed and groaned loudly.

"Please . . . master . . . stop . . . please . . ." Tears rolled down the boy's cheeks and soaked into the pillow. The man laughed, deep and throaty, his brilliant teeth flashing in the light. He dropped the whip beside the bed.

His mouth found the boy's tit and he began to chew at the nipple viciously. Vic twisted and moaned as the sharp teeth . . . suddenly, he switched to the other side and began to mangle the left tit. Vic twisted on the leather spread trying to escape the torture but it did no good.

Mark reached down with his left hand and grabbed a handful of the boy's big balls. He pulled them out from his young body, grinding them in his palm at the same time.

"Oh, God . . . please don't . . . please stop!" The kid was panting through his open mouth and his eyes were closed against the burning pain rushing up from his crotch and blending with the agony from his abused tits. The big man . . . tortured with pain and pleading, the eyes misted with tears.

The man suddenly stood up and went to the tall dresser. He pulled out two black leather straps from one of the drawers. Then he walked back to the boy trapped on the bed, a gleam in his eyes. He lifted one lean, muscular leg and wrapped the strap around it at the knee. Then he fastened the other end of the strap to the head of the bed. He did the same to the other one and then stood back to examine his handiwork. He smiled that smile again. The boy was fastened by the leather pieces. His ass, small and round, was exposed and vulnerable.

He bent and slid a box from under the bed. He opened it and examined the contents for a few seconds. Then he pulled something out and pushed the box back under the bed. As he stood up, Vic's eyes opened wide with fright. In the man's hand was one of the most monstrous rubber dildos he had ever seen in his life. Even the simulated veins were oversized. Mark saw the scared look on the kid's face.

"You like that, boy? Huh?" Vic shook his head violently. "Wouldn't you like to have that up your ass . . .?" He pressed the big head of the instrument against the boy's closed lips. "Suck it, you little bastard . . . get it good and wet!"

He shoved the instrument into his mouth. He could taste the rubber. As he opened wider, his jaws began to ache as the big, dark man pushed it slowly down his constricted throat. The boy gagged but fought the feeling as best he could. He tried to mumble his protests around the giant instrument of torture but it came out a series of . . . boy's face with the artificial cock.

"That's it, baby . . . suck it . . . suck it good!" He grinned down at the helpless boy. "If you give it your best, I'll give you . . ."

He shoved the dildo further down the boy's throat. Vic felt as if he couldn't breathe. He tried to protest but couldn't speak.

"That's it, kid . . . get it good and wet so I can shove it up your tight little ass!" Vic ran his tongue over it as best he could but it was almost impossible. His mouth was stuffed.

Suddenly Mark yanked the dildo callously from the kid's mouth with a popping sound. He reached down and pressed the head of it against the exposed asshole. He shoved slightly . . . penetrated and slipped inside the boy's taut body. Vic twisted and arched his back with pain. He screamed. The bright red lash marks stood out starkly against his fair skin. It seemed to

turn Mark on even more, just looking at them. He flicked his lips in anticipation.

Slowly, the big, muscular hand pushed and rotated the . . . twisted in agony, small cries escaping from his mouth as he moved, his face a mask of pain.

With one gigantic shove, the dildo slipped all the way in to the hilt. The boy felt as if he would faint but somehow managed not to. He found himself wishing that he could pass out.

The rubber prod was all the way in, the big hand brushing . . . pounding against the boy's guts. The big man grinned maliciously at the expression of pain on the teenager's face. The boy's lean, muscular body twisted and strained at the bonds on his wrists and knees. He was helplessly trapped and he knew it. The pain from his ass was searing and almost unbearable as the artificial cock lunged in and out, tearing at his insides.

The big, dark man was beginning to breathe harder and his . . . the dildo out of the boy's asshole all at once. The kid let out a prolonged scream of agony and Mark clamped his big hand across his mouth.

"Keep quiet or I'll really give you something to scream stuff!" He propped a pillow beneath the boy's naked ass and maneuvered his way in between his legs. His big cock pulsed as he pressed it against the already sore asshole. Vic tensed in anticipation and gritted his teeth.

He . . . floor beside the bed. He shoved his dick quickly inside the boy's body and groaned softly. He began to lash the kid's naked chest, cross-crossing the lash marks on the fair skin. His lips were tight and tense and he stared in fascination as more red marks appeared against the tits. Vic's chest muscles tensed with each vicious blow as Mark put his entire strength against the cat-o-nine-tails. The metal tips bit into the tender flesh and tears rolled down the young boy's face. He couldn't . . .

His own big cock was still semi-hard and he couldn't understand why. The pain should have made it shrivel down to nothing but it didn't! It confused him so he put it out of his mind.

As his hand holding the whip, lashed at the kid's slender body, Mark shoved his cock all the way in in one swift shove. Vic tensed but said nothing. He bit his tongue to keep from crying out, trying to escape more punishment.

The big, thick cock plunged in and out immediately, the big man grunting with each shove. He punished the insides of

Without realizing it consciously, the kid began his slender . . . bottom. The attack was so heavy that it knocked the air from the boy's lungs in loud panting gusts.

Mark leaned forward, dropping the whip and began pinching the kid's tits viciously. He ground and mashed the boy's nipples between his large fingers as he continued fucking the small ass.

Suddenly the big man groaned loudly and began to pump his muscular hips faster.

"Oh, shut . . . it's comin' . . . I'm gonna cum!" he cried aloud. "Take it, kid . . . take it all!" His nails gripped the young chest muscles of the teenager and dug in, drawing spots of blood. The man threw his handsome head back and closed his eyes . . . The kid's body shook from the violent attack as the cum spurted out, coating his insides with its hot, creamy white liquid.

The guy's body spasmed as the last of his massive load . . . a few more minutes after his load was totally depleted. His breathing slowed and he finally stopped his pumping.

He stood slowly and gazed down at the boy with a blank but satisfied expression.

Please let me loose . . . please!" The boy was again almost in tears.

"Huh uh . . . not yet . . ." He smiled slowly. "I have some friends that might want a little of the action . . . know what I mean, kid?" He laughed softly and turned for the phone. Vic cringed at the implications in the statement. More? Oh, shit!

# DRUM BEATS

*One night when my friend was be-  
juiced  
And his Protestant ethic unloosed,  
I grabbed at his worm  
And he said, "What so firm  
As cannot be seduced?"*

*I know a young fellow named Casey  
Who drives me utterly spacey;  
When I want to get to it  
He never will do it.  
I guess he's more D.C. than A.C.*

*At "Henry's," a bar with much class,  
In the john a young fag made a pass.  
He said, "Shit!" as he spat.  
I said, "Don't talk like that.  
"Keep a civil tongue up my ass!"*

*"I'll be a bit late tonight, Hon' I'm working on something big"*



*"We're either going to have to mix these slaves up, or keep rowing in circles!"*

DR. MMR

# DURK PARKER

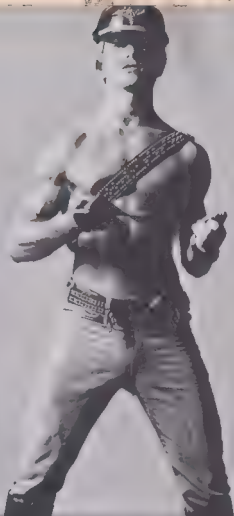
DURK PARKER is somewhat a DRUMMER discovery. In these heretofore unpublished photographs, he brings to the pages of this issue a strong, brooding sensuality unusual in photographs of real leather.

Originally from the Pacific Northwest, Durk has lived in New York, Honolulu, Los Angeles, and Seattle.



"I've been movin' around a lot in my life, and probably always wil," he says. "I realize I'm part of a breed of guys whose minds and blood are intertwined, and we know each other when we meet."

Tom of Finland is his inspiration and we met Durk after we published some original Tom of Finland art in a recent issue. These shots were taken in New York by Lou Thomas

















**NEW YORK** S Vrgo 26 5 180 White  
Knowledgeable. Sister date gets or  
marry study met with over teard never had  
partner under 55 No fame, youths. Box 1897  
**NEW YORK** M Libr 48 5 180 Wh  
6' Novelec Will submit totally to partner  
respectfully persistent Marrie into heavy 185  
C&S work outdoors, whips No anal, black  
true brutality Box 1865  
**NEW YORK** SC Cancer 31 6'8½ Black

**ROCHESTER** M. Capricorn, 63, 5'8" 185 lbs. White 5" Completely unmarred. W. 185

**WILLIAM L. LONG** Island 3M Taurus 42 5'9" 172 Weighs 8" Knowledgeable, trustworthy, responsible, intelligent, caring and fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill his fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, youthful partner to 45. No kinks, latex, fags. Likes Blue 185R

**WODDME** & Caneel 58 5'0" 180 White 5'6" Moves. Has all teacher equipment willing to turn on a dime M into a teacher. V

**YORKTOWN HEIGHTS 5** Septicarian 42 B's  
158 White 74 Knowledgeable Gamble very  
firm, will respect limits of quiet confident slaw-  
over 30 Can travel will assist older Masters  
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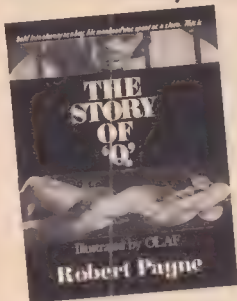
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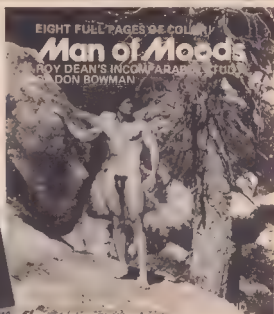
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# DRUM

**H**IS NIGHTMARE REACHED A CLIMAX. HE WAS UNABLE TO SEPARATE THE VISIONS OF HIS MIND FROM THE EXPERIENCES OF HIS BODY, NOT KNOWING WHICH SENSATION WAS REAL, WHICH WAS IMAGINED...



# EROTOPUNCTURE



BY JIM KEPNER

Does the fantasy of having your cock, or your lover's, pierced by a padlock right thru the flesh turn you on — or absolutely off? Or one androgynous young man at last year's Hollywood Gay Pride parade and carnival was nude from his slender waist up, except for a "We Were There" pin attached somehow over his left nipple. I was dying to know whether it was pasted on, or pinned on. And then there were all those exciting gaybutch types with earrings...

The ways of achieving, heightening or prolonging sexual pleasure are infinite and ancient, as are the ways of advertising one's sexuality, but like most people I've been conventionally shy about exploring the farther varieties...

One method used widely in "primitive" societies and enjoying a worldwide underground revival today involves piercing. Inserting jewelry or sex aids into holes in the earlobes, nipples, scrotum or elsewhere.

Most people, gays included, are squeamish about this, so conditioned are we by the taboos this society has against "mutilation." Still, that which is taboo is also tempting, so I get mightily turned on at seeing a macho type with an earring — or with a small gold arrow piercing one of his nipples.

True piercing freaks regard the earrings at least as purely cosmetic — just "window dressing." Only a few persons have come across — and far fewer wear — those small functional attachments in hidden places which are designed as aids to sexual performance or as direct stimulants.

#### EARRINGS ON MEN?

Folk prejudice used to say that only women wore earrings — that having one's ears pierced was contrary to masculinity. But like most folk wisdom, the opposite view was right in there pitching. Sailors were always regarded as fairly masculine figures, and sailors everywhere sported rings in their ears, and tattoos — often seen as part of the same trip. Also there was the old wife's tale for old doctor's tale, as it was in many old medical books) that puncturing the earlobes would improve day'sight.

Doug Malloy, original author of the much butchered text of the recent illustrated booklet, *THE ART OF PIERCED PENISES*, tells how his Aunt Bertha had her weak-eyed son's ears pierced, inserting gold ear-sleepers ordered from Sears Roebuck. Teenage Malloy shot his mad seeing his hairy-chested older cousin submit to the operation.

Perhaps cousin Lloyd went off to sea afterward. If you weren't a sailor, wearing earrings could draw nasty teasing. Or else, as soon as he escaped Aunt Bertha, he may have removed the earrings and let the tiny holes close up, as they do before long.

(About that booklet: Malloy wrote the original article to pay for a friend's airline ticket to the U.S. The text got added to and subtracted, and he isn't sure how the present publisher got hold of it, but most

of the text recounts his own experience, and some of the photos are of people he's known.)

#### MR. SMITTY & COMIC-STRIP SAVAGES

I've always reacted with conventional squeamishness and secret fascination to the idea of anybody being pierced for sexual purposes. Mr. Smitty, Momma's boyfriend when I was about seven, wore a tiny gold earring and tattoos (a boxer and a square-rigger) on his forearms. Small and wiry, poetic, witty, gentle with me, I saw him as everything that was genuinely masculine, in contrast to the hulking gorillas who followed him. He sometimes let me touch that exciting ring, or the tattoos, assuring me that neither had hurt, but my explorations alas didn't go much further.

Also about that time I became fascinated by the near-nude savages in *TAR-ZAN* and other comic strips. They often wore large bones or shells thru their ears, noses, nipples or navels. I was sure the insertions must have been agonizingly painful — I never quite believed the "it doesn't hurt at all" statements. The pain seemed as much part of the attraction as the taboo-breaking.

#### PART OF THE NEW STYLE

The recent surfacing into the cultural mainstream of many gaymale S&M styles has suddenly popularized certain piercings. Except in big city areas which might be crowded by sailors, (and only very few sailors wore earrings) one might have moved thru city crowds for years without ever seeing earrings on a man — until about three years ago. It's now fairly common — and on beaches or in bars where gaymen are likely to bare their chest, pierced nipples also are no longer a rarity.

But Doug Malloy, a modern-day prophet of this ancient erotic custom, scorned ear piercings as merely cosmetic, at best comparable to keyrings or pocket hankies worn on the right or left side to signal one's sexual preferences. He doesn't object to bodily decoration (he has no tattoos, but many of his friends have) but prefers genital-area piercings which touch crucial nerve endings to heighten or initiate sexual pleasure.

Nipple-piercings would be at mid-point between decoration or "advertising" and mechanical stimuli. Their chief turn on effect may be on others who see them, but the nipples can be highly sensitive, and a tiny gold ring inserted thru the tit-pit can boost sensitivity immeasurably (especially if the tits have become desensitized with passing years.) A larger tit ring may have powerful symbolism and obvious use in masochist restraint.

Malloy says, "Mine were never very sensitive until they were pierced... and it's about as painful as a shot in the butt. Maybe a tenth of a second and it's all done — if it's done professionally, by someone who knows how."

#### APHRODISIAC JEWELRY

Doug Malloy is an anthropologist and world traveller. In Polynesia, Arabia, North Africa and all around the Indian

Ocean basin, he found piercing common and always related to erotic pleasure. Cockrings are in vogue today, but for Malloy, the most effective cockring is directly anchored in the flesh beneath the tip of the cock.

Simplest of this sort to install is the frenum ring. It pierces the fold of skin under the cockhead where the foreskin gathers below and just behind the urethra or pisshead. A frenum ring can hang free from this thick bit of skin, or, if the ring is of the proper size, can easily be turned upward to fit over the cockhead. The operation is simple — the flesh it passes thru has little feeling. For Malloy, that makes it the less interesting for this general location.

The "Prince Albert," worn according to tradition by Queen Vic's handsome consort, and taken up at the time by many European aristocrats and swingers (Victoria and Albert seemed royal lines in Russia, Germany, England, Greece, Bulgaria and elsewhere) inverts the angle of the frenum ring. It starts in the same fold of skin but goes a quarter inch into the underside of the penis, coming out there the urethra.

Squeamish? So am I. That tiny piss-hole seems supersensitive. But most of the cock's sensitivity is elsewhere, and the cock generally has far fewer nerve endings than the hand. Those who have the insert insist that the operation is easy and relatively painless — no more than a prick if done right — though healing takes a couple weeks.

But once the tiny hole heals up and the ring is inserted, the increase in sexual sensitivity is worth the effort.

Malloy says that most Germans, uncircumcised, tend to hold on to their cocks while they sleep. A ring gives you a better grip on the family jewels while wandering in the wilds of dreamland...

"You see, in that piece of tissue which is the man's penis or cock or whatever you want to call it, when there's a ring placed there, a solid thing, a difference of texture, that becomes a focal point of a man's involvement there. This mechanical thing is what you focus on, and that starts the whole system operating there, focuses all that energy, puts the cock into erection, and ultimately into orgasm, but because there is that mechanical focus, it's much more meaningful than... well... variety is the name of the game."

#### SPIRIT VS. TOOL

Devotees of spiritual love, as opposed to eroticism or the joy of sex, may bridle at Malloy's use of the term "more meaningful." Passionists — those who wish to ride a cloud-chariot of eternal love, and let the mere erection and orgasm come in due course — will despise such an approach as crude and mechanistic. But sensualists, who enjoy sex play for its own sake, who glory in the sensations of the flesh, the spurring of the orgasm, are more likely to appreciate its value.

We don't all work the same way or respond to the same stimuli, but we each are a desire to spurt, and it is clear that





# Snake

Johnson, suffering by his own design, his red plaid shirt a bit dusty from the road, leaned against the gate unconsciously rubbing his crotch as he stared at the landing prop-jet thinking, no, dreaming, much as he had been dreaming over the past few months, of Snake. An acute longing was relentlessly uncoiling itself in his gut, an unmonitored garden hose with back trouble.

"Don't know how he got the name Snake, but he's got one hell of an Anaconda in his pants," Johnson said to a person standing a few feet away who was also waiting for the flight to San Francisco with intermediate stops at Reno and Sacramento. The person moved away mumbling, "Goddam prevent!" a result of the true disgust he was feeling.

Johnson was oblivious to the derogatory appellation mostly because the screaming plane had reached the gate and because of the postorbital vision in his head of the handsome face, rippling stomach and thoroughbred thighs of a kid called Snake.

I am seventeen. It is a good age. The men, the handsome men like Johnson, seem to prefer me in tight white tee-shirts and Levi's. It is so easy to be provocative, to buy the right clothes, to etch the right expression in one's face. Mother taught me how. We lived in Monterey. There's so much to remember — the ocean, the smells I became accustomed to there, hints at the age of three of the wonderful things to come. "It's like a magic tea pot," Mother said, her eyes gleaming like tide-stranded jelly fish, "this is where the heavenly potion comes from, and this, oh, Snake! this is the spout!"

Johnson will be here this afternoon so I must begin to get ready. A nice hot bath with oils, a good shampoo, a careful blow-dry so that my hair looks good and casual, falling just so as it does over my eyes. It is so exciting to them. Perhaps I'll shave, or is this youthful fuzz more enticing?

Johnson boarded the plane having to sit, as luck would have it, next to the gentleman from the gate who appreciates neither faggots nor irony.

"Mind if I shit here?" Johnson asked with a sarcastic laugh as he took his seat. During the flight, on the leg between Reno and Sacramento, Johnson was over come with emotion. He had done this before, off to he knew not where, following some glimmer of hope, after some guy he didn't know, totally in love, in theory at least. Really escaped him, it always had. They had been so poor when he was young, childhood memories of their desert shack, the dry Nevada dust gritting in his mouth, and worse, his father exposing a rotund fanny for convenience. "Come here, you little bastard, we're

out of paper again and I got a mess for you to clean up. Yeahhh... taste good, buddy?" Johnson had many friends, most of them cactus. They stood silently, in the desert, he ran to them, their spindly arms reached out to him. There was Albert and Doris, and his favorite, Princess Grace, who was actually a Joshua Tree. They played for hours, telling each other their deepest and darkest secrets.

Giving in to deafening social pressure, Johnson made up dark secrets. "Grace, your Majesty, guess what Daddy did to me today. The beast!"

Now Johnson is wealthy, owning every slot machine in Winnemucca. He could go to San Francisco whenever he wanted to nibble the breasts of the golden boys who gathered in that city for such purpose. Johnson turned to the man in the seat next to him and with a cracking voice said, "Nevada is a tough state, a man's state. Christ!"

Snake was beginning to think he had lived in the city too long. The business was doing quite well, everybody is into plants these days. His lover, Dave, was honest, dependable, responsible, handsome — truly everything Snake could ask for. He was only intermittently bored with him. Snake sat in the living room of their Twin Peaks apartment next to the phone contemplating the view. The phone rang. Snake was hard pressed to comfort his friend, actually a friend of Dave's, Robert, whose trick from the night before in a fit of depression, swallowed his entire bottle of amyl nitrite. Snake hung up the phone and decided that banana trees would be the next big seller. He picked up the phone and dialed.

I am compelled. I do not act out of reason; our family would never do that. We are guided by the Almighty He prefers it that way. In Monterey, when I was ten, the priest came to me. "Snake," he said, "even then I was called Snake, I don't know exactly why, perhaps out of Mother's interest in the exotic, more likely because of the size of my dick." "Snake," he said, "when my great-grandfather came to Monterey he discovered your great-grandfather and built the church around his gifts. We are indebted to your family and always will be. You must carry on the family line."

I told him that, indeed, the Lord works in mysterious ways, and that, in fact, I was queer. Our powers would prevail, but, since it seems to be left up to me, our family would not. So it goes. He never quite recovered from the shock. Poor man, so close to God, so far from understanding His way. Fortunately, I do not have that problem. I dispense my gifts as He would want me to, orgasm after orgasm, I do much to stim-

ulate this tired world. He is pleased. I am compelled.

They say she tried to kill him, Johnson's wife did. She was killed instead. The car in which she was driving Johnson plunged off the cliff into a lake she didn't know about, she, jumping from the car as planned, splattered her brains on a State Historical Marker which she neglected to observe. He has been much more popular, even celebrated in Nevada since. A little publicity never hurts that poor man with the demon wife. He is certainly happier without her — having affairs with men, for example, has been simplified. Perry in Carson City was hot while he lasted. Jake in Sacramento was a charmer. But now there was Snake. Snake was magic, a wizard with an impressive pet serpent.

Johnson, quite stoned now, looked endearingly at Snake and giggled. "Once a snake a little dazed from the sun ran across another snake and said, 'Man, you're beautiful.' 'Don't be silly,' said the second snake, 'I'm your other end!'" They thought this to be exceedingly funny. Snake was still laughing as Johnson buried his face between Snake's buttocks, savoring the salty masculinity that gathered there, his heart pounding like the desert sun. It was all Dad's idea.

Shit, Johnson! You're the sexiest mother-fucker I've seen in years — electric rivers flowing through your tongue up my spine to whitewater in my head. Your hands, big and dusty, appreciating the hard contours of my chest, like being loved by the desert itself. Man, I give up. I'm so hot now, to breathe is to come. I feel one body, a snake's body ours. I am weak and ugly, a fucked prune, all yours, my best moment. This is difficult for you, I understand.

You explode inside me, scattering us both into space.

I am unhappy. I have lived in this city too long. Johnson is dead. How he must have kept knowing he could not see me again! Banana trees were a big success. I made Dave move out last year to live with that ugly friend of his in Santa Cruz. I need my peace. It is a long life and there is much work to be done. The priests keep calling. I think I'll let them see me tonight on Folsom Street at the leather bars. My friends! I need my peace but Johnson would want me to socialize, looney till the end. This is my element, we are all so close, swimming in this smoke and beer atmosphere. Let's fuck! I'll be right back. Just got to water this other fellow's garden, making that thing grow thick. He will not forget me. Suddenly, there you are. We stare. Finally the deadly gas balloons in my throat. "You live in the city?"

BILL McLEOD  
DRUMMER 81



## GRUMMER Views The Frats

### fraternity row

Paramount's *Fraternity Row*, strictly from a production point of view, is a cross between a USC graduate student film (which it partially is) and one of those mid-Thirties "B" flicks which have now achieved dubious status as underground cult classics. It is quite literally, a hybrid: half the deadly earnestness of Paul Henreid's 1952 *For Men Only* (re-titled *The Tall Lie*) and the other half not unakin to those vapid enthusiasms of *Good News*.

(Its theme, however — death may result from the degradations of fraternity initiations — is in no way dated. Indeed, as recently as last April a young black died of a heart attack in Philadelphia while being hazed, and another death during such primitive rites was nationally reported last November from Queens College on Long Island.)

There is no doubting that the hearts of all those involved with *Fraternity Row* are in the right place, from writer/producer Charles Gary Allison and director Thomas I. Tobin to a cast that names Cliff Robertson as "The Narrator" and features "old Grad" Robert Emhardt along with Paul Newman's son Scott in his first major acting role, Peter Fox as a confused pledgmaster, and Gregory Harrison, the doomed pledge. Among sorority-type ladies present are debuting Nancy Morgan and Wendy Phillips.

Set in the spring of 1954 on a mythical Summit College (erie, Pa.) campus complete with a believable panoply of fraternities, sororities, heraldry, songs, and ceremonies, Allison's screenplay grew out of the need to have a property as subject of his USC dissertation on "The Problems a Producer Faces When Making a Feature Film" for a doctorate in Philosophy and Communication. Well, he could have been counting colons in Shakespeare's Folios.

The storyline provides a tailor-made vehicle for the message: "how important dreamers are in our society . . . although we can kill them, and sometimes have, their idealistic spirit tries to touch all of us, and is the only thing that gives us hope for all the tomorrows to come." Pitting idealistic Zac Sterling (Gregory Harrison) in a most promising performance, as pledge class president against traditionalist frat man/jock Chuck Cherry (Newman), the conflict is clearly joined

and a winsomely simplistic good guy vs bad guy showdown inevitable.

That showdown, the climactic "Grand Griffon" ceremony of the hazing process, shows us twelve terrified pledges stripped only to their nicely-filled jockey shorts (thanks to a PG Rating) and subjected to a barrage of humiliations, paddling, and scorn. Forced, blindfolded, to swallow a piece of raw liver, our hero chokes to death. We are then expected to assume that all may be right in some future time as Robertson's narratorial voice, as a matured pledgmaster, intones "I met a man of dreams . . . the dream has stayed with me . . . calling me not to forget . . .

Along the way are sorority formals, costume parties, blackballing, swim meets, pinning ceremonies, Joe McCarthy, radio station contests, and Hell Week. A period feeling is not unexpectedly maintained by the soundtrack (i.e., "Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes," "Sh-Boom," and "Little Things Mean a Lot," and radio commercials for Wildroot Cream Oil, Nescafe, Schlitz, and Winston cigarettes). There are also two somewhat sappy songs written and performed by Don McLean.

Twenty-nine-year-old director Tobin, a USC Department of Cinema product, has attempted with some success to give *Fraternity Row* the color and tone of an early Fifties major studio production, and Director of Photography Peter Glibbons has artfully contrived camera angles to minimize the fact that the film was actually shot at USC locations.

Ed Frankl n

### warhol's bad

The promotional material for *Andy Warhol's Bad* is equally as schizophrenic as the X-rated product itself. On the one hand, co-writer (with George Abagnale) Pat Hackett, an eight-year Factory assembly liner, explains blandly that "we wanted to make a professional film so we could have coffee on the set every morning." On the other hand, co-star Perry King (sigh!) rather defensively remarks " . . . it's going to be an important film, a breakthrough . . ." (to what is left, mercifully, unsaid). Well, if either one had an ounce of common sense, he/she wouldn't even admit to being a voluntary participant in this sorry tackiness.

To say this, of course, is to play directly into Warhol's hands, for the garage guru has so stacked his cinematic deck that the mere process of attempting

a thoughtful critical analysis is at least as hazardous as pissing into the wind. When a film proclaims defiantly "Art was never like this" and flaunts the assessment that it is "a movie with something to offend absolutely everybody," the would-be serious critic finds himself adrift in a sea of maple syrup. The harder he paddles, the more deeply immersed he becomes in his own efforts. It ain't fair!

Self-indulgence is rarely interesting to observe and is about as productive of pleasure as playing drop-the-soap when you are showering alone. Warhol has based his filmatic career on using a bar of soap that bounced at least we had the fun of wondering where the next grope would be. In *Bad*, however, mercury has been replaced with lead, and the soap just kinda lies there like a beached whale. Or could it be that the tedium is the message?

Ah well, let's play the game. What is *Bad* about? I'm sorry you asked, and so may you be. Are you ready for the saga of a suburban housewife (Carroll Baker - bleached, bothered, and be-buddied) who runs a business on the side providing hit women for clients who want some very nasty jobs done? Alrighty, too, supposing among these "jobs" is doing away with an autistic child and the vicious killing of a dog ("none of your painless, oodless"? Still with me? Sorry to hear that).

But there is really no point in going on further, wasting both your time and mine. If you feel compulsive about seeing Carroll Baker as a nascent Shelly Winters or a quick flash of Perry King's flesh, then lock your doors and windows and trot on down to your local high crime area and submit yourself to being had by *Bad*.

After all, let he who is without stones cast the first sin.

— E.F.

## islands in the stream

Out of exasperating experience, one approaches any new film version of a Hemingway novel with some trepidation. The problem has always been that, that which does least tribute to the writer on the printed page seems to serve him best on the silver screen. This ambivalence presents the conscientious adaptor with an agonizing dilemma, the solution for which too often is found not on the type-writer but in the Movieola.

Now we have the Peter Bart/Max Palevsky production of Papa's posthumous 1970 novel, the strongly autobiographical *Islands in the Stream*, far from top drawer as literature but considerably better than average as a piece of filmmaking, thanks largely to the affectionate efforts of screenwriter Denne Bart Pettiler, an intimate friend of the novelist over the last decade of his life. By pruning away self-indulgent posturings and focusing on human relationships,

Pettiler has found the core of his idol's basic strength.

The re-pairing of *Patton* director Franklin J. Schaffner and star George C. Scott increases the success of this altogether happy enterprise. Scraggly-bearded in the Hemingway mode, Scott, without sacrificing the marrow-deep vitality of his own persona, flashes out a figure of immense and touching humanity. In many ways the finest actor of his time, he here adds substance to his stature and - unless the Academy is still sulking from his *Patton* rebuke - should surface prominently at next Award-time.

Daringly divided into three British sections, the film is laid in the British owned Bahamas of 1940 (though shot on Kauai, that loveliest and most untouched of the Hawaiian outer islands). Scott plays Thomas Hudson, a twice-divorced sculptor now ivory-towering it as a loner in Bimini. Most of his time is spent on his fishing boat, an exact replica of Hemingway's own "Pilar," in hearty camaraderie with boozing David Hemmings (Eddy), loyal black Julius Harris (Joseph), and Richard Evans, a young ex-Marine (Willy).

In the first section, Scott attempts to bridge an emotional gap to his estranged, summer vacationing sons: Hart Bochner (yes, Lloyd's son) as Tommy, the sensually hunky 17-year-old issue from his first and most successful marriage, doomed to be shot down as a fighter pilot in W.W. II, the 14-year-old Michael James Wixted as David, most troubled and least accessible, and 9-year-old Brad Savage (of all those TV commiserators) as Andrew. This episode, both effective and affective, could virtually stand on its own. (Teen-age Bochner in swimming trunks is a definite plus factor!)

Part II, months later, reunites Scott with his first and most true love, Claire Bloom (Audrey), after receiving news of their only son's heroic death. A bitter-sweet episode in which what is left unspoken is fully as poignant as what is said, it provides Bloom with the richest screen role she has had since *Look Back in Anger* (always expecting that very special *A Doll's House*), and she makes the most of it. All involved are to be congratulated for this triumphant casting coup.

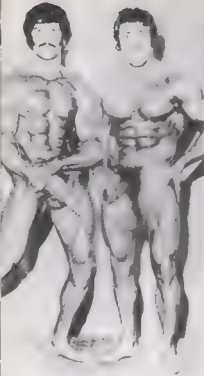
The final third is a good old-fashioned shoot-'em-up in which Scott, motivated now to rejoin the world, becomes involved in the sea rescue of a family of Jewish war refugees and attempts the hazardous task of landing them illegally in Cuba. Pursuit by a Cuban patrol boat results in a highly exciting chase through a maze of inshore channels, concluding with Scott's own heroic death.

Outstanding in the generally exceptional coast is David Hemmings, who, although regretfully gone to paunch since his palmier *Blow-Up* days, so successfully implies all the ambiguities in his "best friend" man-to-man relationship with Scott that his death - and the subsequent sequence in which Scott buries him at sea - is resonant with overtones and undertones of a nature all too infrequently seen in commercial movies.

— E.F.



# DRUMMER Reads The Books



**THE IRON GAME**, by David Carter. Published by David Carter, P.O. Box 972, Venice, CA, 90291. Paperback, 218 pages.

As a courageous, few-holds-barred, behind-the-scenes peek into the Southern California world of bitchily-competitive bodybuilding, David Carter's vanity press publication of his very own "novel," *The Iron Game*, commands attention. As a piece of writing it barely merits a glance. That Carter knows the scene intimately is obvious. The great pity is that, in setting down his unique expose, he didn't see fit to enlist the aid of a collaborator with some fundamental proficiency in dealing with the written word.

The material is explosive. Just about everything you always suspected, perhaps enviously, about the lifestyles of those title-holding weight-lifter/model/hustlers can now be considered confirmed: the drug abuse, the role of "patrons," the homosexuality, the fixes, the violence, the possible connections with the fuzz.

Designating the work a "novel" is a transparent ruse, meant to protect the muscular Carter's legal hide. Even so, he has taken some considerable risk. Anyone with only the slightest knowledge of the field should be able to identify characters similar to Joe Wieder, Jim Cassidy, Ken ("Dakota") Sprague, Paul Rehus, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jean-Claude, etc. (initials are coyly retained as clues for those readers who may be just a mite slow on the uptake), as well as such locations as Go'd's Gyn and the Sporty Bar, and publications with all the unsavory aspects of *The Advocate* and the *L.A. Free Press*.

More an untidy journal than a carefully-structured novel, *The Iron Game* traces its narrator's gradual disillusionment with the body building scene over the two-year period following his arrival in California in the fall of 1972. Initially naive ("I had never seen one, nor did I realize that gay 'orgies' existed"), he nevertheless confesses "there was some thing in me that wanted to know about everything that goes on, no matter what it was."

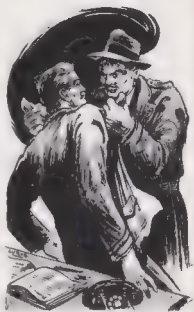
Finding his way immediately to Stein's Gym, near the former site of Muscle Beach, one of the first things he gets to know about is drugs. "Premabolin is injectable," he tells us authoritatively, and used once a week for size increases. Dianabol is used for increases in work capacity and strength. It is taken in pill form. Anavar was popular to get cut up, and keep muscle size while seeking definition. At least twenty other steroid drugs were stocked... for different effects.

"Retilen, a type of mind elevator, was used by these many top bodybuilders to speed up the nervous system and elevate their mood. Also, Speed was often used to greatly increase training intensity while working out for definition before a contest. Dr. Connors got all the drugs free from the hospital where he worked."

But it is the undercurrent of hustling homosexuality that makes up the bulk of this book. Carter discovers, first, that "the gay community either directly or indirectly, almost completely supported the existence of high-level bodybuilding" as "all of the bodybuilders were getting rich, either selling drugs or, for the most part, hustling," then concludes "these bodybuilders seemed to be impotent, and covered up their fear of women with an exaggerated assertions (sic) of their manhood by denying their homosexual tendencies." He notes one specific case where "weights served as a cover-up for inferiority feelings brought about by his small penis and short stature."

Accurate as the facts in *The Iron Game* seem to be, the syntax is deplorable. Nevertheless, I am recommending you plow through this book. Carter's skulking about the Gym and various apartment locations ("the party went on even though all the lights were off... and the bodybuilders' cars were covered with dew the next morning from being parked out all night... one can only imagine what must have gone one... or what it was that they were doing in there"), eyes and ears always open ("it was all fitting together now, why Jean Clausen was hanging around with the vice cops so much"), leads him to the single, succinct conclusion that this microcosmic world is "filled with hypocrisy, guilt, and shame."

Ed Franklin



**THE PULPS**, Compiled and Edited by Tony Goodstone. Bonanza Books, a division of Crown Publishers, Inc., 415 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. Oversize, hardbound, extensively illustrated. 239 pages. \$12.95.

The "pulp" were precursors of those macho magazines of the Forties and Fifties whose stories and illustrations (see *DRUMMER*, No. 7) motivated the pumpings of many a good All-American male fist. As jack-off fodder, for whatever one's sexual preference, those simplistic mags were *non pareil*, and an entire generation is beholden to them. That their thrust and effect were due directly to the "pulp" of the Twenties and Thirties is a genealogical fact of fiction not generally acknowledged.

Now, with *The Pulp, Fifty Years of American Pop Culture* (compiled and edited by Tony Goodstone), we are given a generous sampling of why it was, in the words of Roy Lichtenstein, that "each month during the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties, millions of red-blooded American males barricaded themselves behind the bathroom doors of the nation with the latest off-limits offering of their favorite Pulp Magazine."

Actually, *The Pulp* is the first survey and anthology of art and literature from the period 1896 to 1953. The literary

gleamings include works by Edgar Wallace, Paul Gallico, Max Brand, Luke Short, Dashiell Hammett, MacKinlay Kantor, Ray Bradbury, Philip Wylie, H.P. Lovecraft, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and Tennessee Williams. Among the 100 full-color cover reproductions of b and w illustrations, it is fascinating to see early endeavors by such "legit" figures as N.C. Wyeth, Clinton Pettie, and John Held, Jr.

The cocktail-table-sized volume is divided into four sensible parts. Part I, "Mainstream," covers Adventure Pulp, Sports, Aviation and War. Part II, "Paralel Forms" is given over to Western and Frontier, Detective and Mystery. Part III, "Exploiting the Girls," is broken down into Innocence, and Straight Out Sex while Part IV, "Extension of the Finite," deals with Supernatural, Science Fiction, and Paper Tigers & The Hero Pulp. As a sop to academia, there are also a Bibliography and Suggested Reading List.

Under the expert guidance of Research Consultant Sam Moskowitz, editor Goodstone is a handsome devil typecast as the New York actor he purports to be, silken foulard and all - brings us goodies from pulp magazines with the evocative titles *Pulp Detective*, *Weird Tales*, *The Shadow*, *Doc Savage*, *Argo*, *Green Book*, *Amazing Stories*, *Zest*, and *Black Mask*. Interesting filler material consists of period ads ("Here's the Way to Curb a Rupture"), crossword puzzles, poetry, and fan mail.

Goodstone's Foreword ("Backward and Thensome or Thoughts on the Value of Nostalgia") and historical commentaries preceding each of the four parts are generally informative despite an irritating Gee-Whiz style in the mode of the worst example of lurid literary-ese the volume has to offer. His wisest insight attributes the fall of the pulps to the fact that "The rise of the Superhero (which) occurred simultaneously with the downfall of real life heroes during the Depression . . . the Pulp Super heroes were no match for such flashy brutes as Superman of the late 30's comic books."

But the meat of the book are the stories anthologized, and what a joy it is to slaver over an early Paul Gallico short entitled "The Yellow Twin" (Two brothers! One who laughed and loved the thud of wet leather on bare flesh . . .), or MacKinlay Kantor's "The Torture Pool" ("What do you want of me?" he snarled, "Just a little torture . . ."), or Robert Leslie Bellem's "Labyrinth of Monsters" (He felt iron rings being clasped about his wrists: the rings attached to a clanking chain . . .), or Mindird Lord's "The Dimmer Cooked in Hell" (Michael was suspended a short distance away. Behind him, Lucia held a glowing poker within inches of his bare back. In her left hand was a vicious, snake-like whip . . .).

Transporting us back to a time of more simple psycho-philosophies, *The Pulp* provides hours of innocent merriment - both visually and literary, and is the sort of thing you'll be pulling down from the shelf at odd moments for years to come.

- E.F.



**SCREENING THE SEXES** Homosexuality in the Movies, by Parker Tyler Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 393 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10017. Hardbound, illustrated, indexed, 367 pages. \$10.00.

Rarely has a subject so rich in promise been so shamefully abused as the way "premier American film critic" Parker Tyler treats "Homosexuality in the Movies," the subtitle of his recent abortive foray into the ranks of legitimate filmographies: *Screening the Sexes*. Inaccurately defining this effort as "the definitive book on hidden homosexual motifs and explicit male and female homosexuality in both commercial and avant-garde films," the jacket blurb also coyly proclaims "WITH 69 ILLUSTRATIONS."

Well, that pretty accurately sets the tone for the 360-odd pages of leering innuendo and outright poppycock that follow, of which it is a rare page indeed that does not contain at least one howler. The reader searches in vain for Tyler's qualifications to undertake his self-appointed task.

If his professional background is, at

best, shrouded in mystery, Tyler's personal bid for knowledgeability in this particular field seems limited to his remark: "Once I spent several years among the fairies; e.g., those homosexuals unafraid to advertise themselves socially though they seldom went in drag except at drag balls" - a characteristic non sequitur constantly at odds with a generally ponderous style rendered even more inappropriate by frequent lapses into the cutesy-poo.

Not content with the plentitude of available terms for homosexuals scientific, religious, literary, colloquial, slang, whatever - our author "has licensed himself to embellish the . . . lists with certain terms of his own: sappho (as alternative to lesbian) and Homeros (Greek = Homo + Eros), a name for the homosexual dandy, male or female." This play enables him to indulge in such beloved Chapter titles as "Mother Superior of the Faggots and Some Rival Queens," "Homeros as Chameleon," "Homeros in Uniform," and "Homeros as Funny Fellow." Ho hum.

The unsupported blanket statement abouts ("the powerful mature 'patron' . . . is bound to be a figure in the homosexual pantheon," "of gay sex material one expects some gaiety") as does blatant guesswork (re: confiscated footage from Eisenstein's Mexican project - "I don't know that any of the action in the confiscated footage was homosexual . . . but it was 'offbeat,' I dare say"), glaring omissions (he relates Laurel and Hardy, but utterly overlooks Lou Costello and Arthur Lake; in addition to which the entire book does not mention *From Here to Eternity* even in passing!).

An example of sheer twaddle is Tyler's 12-page attempt to rationalize *The Great Escape* as "a homosexual mystery story."

Best content yourself with those 69 artfully-chosen stills, and leave the text pages mercifully uncut.

- E.F.

DRUMMER 65



# THE GREY

An even ten years ago, on April 21, 1967, the "cradle of democracy" was violently rocked by a sadistic *junta* of colonels and fell into oblivion as surely as if it were the contents of a chamber pot emptied into the wine-dark depths of the bordering Aegean Sea. That *coup*, which overturned in Greece the government of Prime Minister George Papandreu, established the rule of dictator Papadopoulos, in utter defiance of the people, the government, the king, and even the generals (who, ironically, had postponed their own planned coup).

Power was secured in the colonels' bloodied hands by one of the most vicious programs of intimidation and torture that we have on record in so-called modern times. It was centered in the activities of *Asphalia*, the Greek security police, and its ruthless use of a "machine of truth" — the bitter euphemism for interrogation activities conducted under the cold eye of "dapper" *Asphalia* Director Basile Lambrou. The four-story, brown-shuttered *Asphalia* headquarters building across from Athens' National Archeological Museum on Boukoulas St., with gray jeeps parked along its sidewalk, soon became a frightening local landmark.

At the beginning, a motorcycle engine was run at night to drown out screams from the terrace. Eventually, the building became so infamous that most torture was relocated to suburban security stations. The headquarters' basement cells were still used, however, as well as a three-room basement at 16 Rethymnou St., several blocks away, where the overflow of prisoners from Boukoulas St. were "stored."

Targets for the torture were those the junta feared most: the intellectuals, the young, the non-Communist leftists. *Asphalia* was especially virulent against the radical "Patriotic Front," the moderate "Democratic Defence," and, with particular vigilance, the *Rigas Feraios*, a resistance group made up of young college students. The employment of torture was calculated to create fear as well as to get information, for it was imperative that the colonels expose and smash all opposition to the precarious dictatorship.

Director Lambrou reveled in lordship over his quivering victims. "I'm the boss," he would announce arrogantly. "It's useless trying to play hero because everybody here speaks its very easy for us to humiliate you. We are the government, and you are nothing. The government isn't alone. Behind the government are the Americans. The whole world is in two parts: the Russians and the Americans. We are the Americans. Be grateful we've only tortured you a little. In Russia, they kill you."

Vicissitudes confirm that Lambrou had a facial twitch when he got excited. When one prisoner, a handsome, 28-year-old Athens actor named Pericles Korovessis (about whom much more below), maintained that he had nothing to say, Lambrou's "jaw began jerking" and he snapped. "Then say a prayer." Resuming his composure, he turned to the helpless actor and added, "I'll give you to Gravaritis and he'll kill you. He enjoys it." As we have seen so often, the head man, except perhaps for some minor kicking around, left the infliction of real tortures to subordinates.

Topping that list of subordinates was his trusty aid, Police Lieutenant Basile Gravaritis, described as "punchy" and "smiling." His treatment of Korovessis, which we have in great detail thanks to the actor's later escape, follows a classic scenario. The saga begins, as is so often the case, in the dark hours of very early morning (3:00 A.M.) when five armed plainclothesmen burst into his apartment under the leadership of one Odysseus Spanos and hauled Korovessis "in an unmarked black sedan" down to the big *Asphalia* headquarters on Boukoulas St.

He was hustled up to a small room on the roof terrace where interrogations took place. In the middle of the room

was a wooden bench, its top "polished with use." They led him down on it, as one man held his chest and another picked up a shovel handle. With this, he began pounding Korovessis on the soles of his dangling feet. The technique is called *falanga*. (At Boukoulas St., the victim's shoes were routinely left on to minimize telling scars, prolong the beating time, and increase the pain because swelling feet ultimately pop the shoes apart.)

"Do you like this?" the torturer asked. "This is just a sample." Korovessis tried vainly to arch his feet until the shoes were too swollen full. Screaming, he lost count of the *falanga* strokes. That was when Spanos, with a stick, daintily hoisted a urine-soaked rag from a toilet hole at one side of the room. Korovessis passed out as the wet rag was jammed inside his mouth. When he came to, he was asked if he had anything to tell them. At his continued silence, they started on his feet all over again.

Korovessis still remembers: "It was so horrible that I thought somebody was beating me on the head. It's as if they beat you all over. After a while, I couldn't even cry." He passed out again, came to and vomited. They untied him and one policeman said: "Look, you've dirtied the floor. You must lick it up!" Korovessis couldn't stand. His shoes had spit to reveal flesh "like unbaked dough." Two men dragged him down to the basement and threw him into a windowless cell without food or water.

The next day, they took him back upstairs. "Everybody who comes here talks," he was again warned. "You're not spoiling the record." It was then that the anxious Basile Gravaritis was called in to take over. He first ordered the handsome actor to take off every stitch of his sweat-soaked clothing. Then he stroked Korovessis' shoulder. "Why fight? Tell the whole story. It'll be good for you." Suddenly he grabbed his naked victim by the hair and slammed his head against the wall, then stamped on the tender instep until "the blood flowed out."

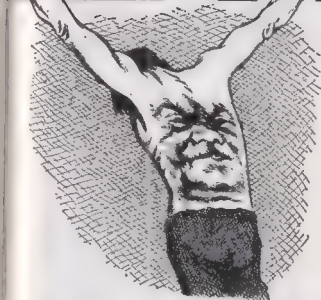
They tied the nude body back on the bench. Gravaritis hung up his coat and rolled his sleeves "like a priest preparing for a ceremony." He began *falanga*, this time with an iron pipe. After ten blows, he paused to say, "Your night foot is already broken. If you want to save the other, tell the truth now." The beating resumed. "I even felt pain in my fingernails," Korovessis recalls today. He fainted, then revived. Gravaritis walked over and slapped him across the face, then with two fingers slowly pressed his victim's eyes back into the skull.

Now they untied him and began flailing his shins and knees with the iron bar. Gravaritis dragged him around the room by the hair, smashing his face against one knee. A tooth fell out. They took him outside, pretended they were going to toss him off the roof, and then brought him back inside the room. He feigned unconsciousness, until his testicles were slugged with the bar. "Oh, you're all right," Gravaritis grinned. They spread him face down over the bench, and Gravaritis shoved the iron bar up his rectum, tearing the skin. Korovessis blacked out for real this time.

He came to in a corner, noting that "Gravaritis was carefully combing his hair in the window's reflection." After being kicked around some more, they seared his mouth with a hot pepper, broke it open, and stuck the pieces into his eyes and nose. Another man poured American detergent down his throat, and, finally, propped a cigarette into his lips as he lay writhing. Everyone laughed.

An Army ambulance carried Korovessis to the No. 401 Military Hospital in central Athens, but he got no medical attention. Instead, daily, he was wheeled from his bed into a room, strapped to a leather chair, and tortured with electric ty from a "black box." Several men in white smocks watched, to

# THE KWAY



determine how much shock his heart could stand. "It was extremely terrible," he recalls. "The more they tortured you with electric shocks the more you were in a state of awareness. You were sort of raised up. You have more endurance. With the falanga, the more you were beaten, the quicker you fainted."

Costas Costarakos, a university student, was arrested on December 23, 1970, and also taken to the "general security" headquarters where, under the eager eyes of Gravaritis, he was beaten and punched in the stomach and told "Get ready to die." Right after this, "after handcuffing my hands behind my back," he reports, "they took me to the terrace laundry room. There, without taking off the handcuffs, they stretched me on the bench, they stuffed my mouth with pieces of rope and scrap paper, so as to smother my shouting, and they started the falanga."

"At the same time they squeezed and hit my genitals, and they also banged my head on the wall. During this torture, my torturers by shrieks and bangings tried to build up an atmosphere of false emotional tension, in order to terrify me. This lasted about three hours, in the night of 23 to 24, December. After this, they threw me in a cell."

Yet another young student, who has opted to preserve anonymity, reports on his encounter with the insatiable Gravaritis at the interrogation center. "On entering the room, I faced a bench and a thick rope, behind the bench pieces of wood were strewn about the floor. To the right there were four or five showers and a water heater. About one or two meters from the water heater there is a door."

"As soon as I entered the room, they started undressing me. They took off everything except my shoes. They made me lie on the bench. Gravaritis started tying me down while another policeman got up on me and stepped on me from my feet to my chest in order to make my body fit perfectly to the bench."

"After I was securely fastened from the ankles to the neck the torment of falanga began. They beat my feet with rough rods which were about one meter long and three centimeters wide. Two men alternately beat me at a fixed rhythm. A third

man kept a dirty cloth over my mouth so that my screams could not be heard. I did not feel my feet at all. I fainted. They untied me, threw water over me, and I came back to my senses."

"When I came to, I realized I was surrounded by ten policemen who were holding sticks and ropes. They were all hitting me and making me run so that my numb feet would regain sensation. They succeeded in their purpose and then tied me again on the bench. While the torment of falanga was repeated, Gravaritis was punching me in the stomach, the abdomen and other parts of my body. I fainted again."

"Again they untied me, threw water on me and formed a circle around me to beat me. And again I was tied to the bench for another round of falanga. During falanga they a so beat the upper part of my feet. As a result of this my big toe nails later dropped off. At this point the falanga torment was finishing and the torment of Gravaritis was to start."

"Tied on the bench and with the dirty cloth over my mouth, I was beaten by Police Lieutenant Gravaritis on the bones. Using a thick piece of wood he started on the ankles, then hit the shin bones and the knees. After he finished with the legs he worked on arms and hands. Then he beat me on the testicles and tore me trying to push the wood up my rectum. That ordeal together with the beatings on the upper part of my fingers, on the elbows and on the bones generally, was the most horrible of all."

Here, as reported in *Barbarism in Greece*, is the woeful story of another anonymous student. "I was arrested on February 29, 1968 . . . taken to the General Security Headquarters of Athens, beaten up on the way. At the office . . . I was beaten up. They used sticks, rubber straps and wires. They tied and pulled my genitals with a string. Then I was taken to the roof. They tied me on a table and tortured me by beating the soles of my feet with a stick, the falanga."

"At the same time they were hitting me on the thighs, chest and the whole body. They ordered me to walk around the table while fifteen policemen were hitting me. Then they put me on the table again and continued the falanga. The torture went on the whole night, the falanga followed by beatings on my genitals . . . The palm of my right hand was burnt with a lit cigarette. [They] put electric wires on my forehead and neck and connected them with an electric source. Then I was stripped naked in the rain and was obliged to run in the courtyard of the headquarters in front of the whole battalion."

"I was prevented from sleeping because the guard made some continuous noise on purpose. Some days later they told me to lie on the floor of the room and they put a water can over my head and let drops of water fall on my forehead with the result that I suffered acute headaches. They hung me by the hands and hit me in the stomach. My shoulders were dislocated. They hung me up holding me by the ears. During the night they brought big dogs into the cell and left them there. By order of the commandant, the soldiers and a sergeant of the military police tried to rape me. Because I resisted their efforts they stopped giving me food and water."

George Theodosios Spiliotis remembers a similar interlude when turned over to the team headed by Gravaritis. "They punched me on the head. They banged my head against the wall, dragging me by the hair. They punched me on the heart, on the ribs, on the stomach. They gave me repeated electric shocks. The blows on the head caused my nose to bleed. They put their fingers in the sockets of my eyes, they pretended to attempt to strangle me and they squeezed my genitals."

"After all this, they took me on the terrace for falanga. They tied me on a bench and started beating the soles of my feet with a thick iron pipe. The pain pierced through my body and on to the head which they began beating at the same



time. They again beat my genitals with a stick. At the same time, with thick sticks they beat my fingers and my knees. While they kept me tied on the bench, they would occasionally stop the beating on the soles and start squeezing my genitals. The pain would turn me on my face—I was lying on my back—and this caused terrible pains from the ropes around my legs."

A new element is reported by Fotis Provatas, another student who was arrested on Christmas Eve of 1970. He, too, was kept in a room of that fourth floor of security headquarters, but adds to the other tales of Gravatits that: "They undressed me by force and threatened to rape me. As I was standing naked they punched me repeatedly in the face, the back, the stomach, the legs, the buttocks and on the heart. They repeated, 'Hit and squeezed my genitals.' They dragged me around by the hair for long (sic)."

"They threw me naked on the floor. They kicked me. They hit me with a thick wooden club, while someone smothered my shouting with a nylon typewriter cover. They threatened that they would throw me down from the terrace... From the continuous blows given with a thick wooden ruler on my clints and in the palms of my hand, the bones finally broke in both palms." [Ed note: Several of the case histories quoted above were documented in the *New York Times* of Wednesday, July 7, 1971, on page 35.]

In its issue of May 27, 1969, *LOOK* Magazine took a thorough look at "the frightened, unpopular military regime that rules Greece today... and is responsible for a system of terror whose victims number into the thousands." Written by Senior Look Editor Christopher S. Wren, it is the basic source for the ordeal of actor Kostas Arsenis and some of the exploits of Basil Gravatits. It summarizes that "Falanga is the basic torture. In Athens, the victim is tied to a bench or chair. In Salonika, he is stripped below the waist and laid on his back, with his feet between the sling and stock of an American rifle."

"Two men hoist the rifle, twisting it to immobilize the feet. A third slams away at the exposed soles. 'The pain is like an electric shock,' one student told me. 'It goes up into your heart and bangs inside your head.' When the victim passes out, he is made to stand up and jump. This brings the circulation—and the pain—back. Then falanga begins again, swelling the entire leg. Everybody I talked to said he urinated blood afterward."

That's not all. Suspects are often stripped naked, an old Gestoapo trick to break resistance. One student was given a forced enema with detergent, along with the boast: "We'll pull your bowels out of your mouth." A prominent lawyer was hung by his feet... I learned of a film maker who had his moustache burned off. (One torturer) gets results from a heavy metal ring that he slips over the suspect's skull, then tightens slowly with metal screws...

"Electric torture to the toes, neck, and genitals is commonplace. But psychological terror frequently works best. At one school, a girl keeps prisoners awake. Threats of rape and sodomy are also effective... At the Bouboulinas St. jail, an actress, Kitty Arseni, listened to one falanga session overhead. She counted 200 blows... One prisoner at Bouboulinas St. told me some men could only crawl to the daily toilet..."

Such reports, in a variety of publications, mount up and serve to confirm each other. Ioannis Leloudas, arrested for "ant government activities" on the evening of August 21, 1967, was also subjected to the falanga: "I was completely naked... gagged at times, when they thought I was ready to scream my pain out, continuously menaced with further and more elaborate methods of torture, such as impalement, if I did not 'talk,' insulted with the foulest epithets in the Greek language, hit and kicked all over my body, including my stomach, testicles, and face."

And yet another student details: "I was forced to lie on a bed with a mattress. They made me place my hands so that I could not protect my vulnerable area. I was tied to the bed with electric cords. They had a little machine which produced a current and they put the wires on my toes and fingers. At the same time I was getting these electric shocks they beat me. They put a towel on my face so no marks would be left when they beat me there. Finally they gave me electric shocks on my genitals... They put handcuffs on me in such a way that I couldn't move my hands at all. They slipped a black sack over my head so that I couldn't see anything."

*Barbarism in Greece* lists in a blood-curdling Appendix, the various "Techniques of Torture," broken down into "Physical" and "Nonphysical" methods. Under the Physical, the falanga is listed first, as "the standard initial torture reported from every Asphalia station." The next step "is to strike the prisoner on the sternum." They document that "prisoners vomiting blood from the lungs have generally undergone this treatment." Common methods accompanying falanga are "pouring water down the mouth and nose while the prisoner is screaming from pain; putting 'Tide' soap in the eyes, mouth, and nose; banging the head on a bench or on the floor, beating on other parts of the body, etc."

Numerous incidents of sexually-oriented torture were reported, including, in the case of one student, "beating on the genitals with logs, thin sandbags. One trade unionist was beaten so much that a testicle was driven up into his body. Techniques of passing are listed, as well as a wide variety of beatings, including 'beating naked flesh with wires knotted together into a whip'."

As to beating, the book reveals that "the man doing the beating uses everything from his hands, fists, and feet to such instruments as whips, logs, guns, metal canes, steel rods, rubber truncheons, and boards full of nails... There are variations on what is done while falanga is being performed."

"The Asphalia at Bouboulinas Street has a device on which the victim is made to sit, and water at high pressure is driven up the anus into the intestines... This reflects the clearly psychotic character of many of the torturers, such as the Bouboulinas Street psychiatrist, Gravatits, who spits on men's genitals as he beats them. All kinds of violence are directed against sexual organs. Male genitals are beaten with a braided steel whip and thin sandbags; they are tied with a rope and yanked."

On page 7 of Section 1 of the *Los Angeles Times* on Sunday, August 27, 1972, an article by Ama L. Fleming, reprinted from the *London Observer*, gives the most harrowing report of all, detailing the treatment of 27-year-old poet/student Alexandros Panagoulis, who was arrested on August 18, 1968. "During interrogation," Lady Fleming (the Greek-born widow of penicillin discoverer Sir Alexander Fleming) writes, "Panagoulis was beaten all over the body for days and nights on end, with a twisted wire and with iron bars, so that several ribs and his right heel were broken; his head was banged on the walls and floor and his hands were trodden on so that a tendon was cut."

"His hands and genitals were burned with cigarettes (sic) A wire was inserted into his urethra and the extended part was heated so that the inside of his urethra was burned and for a long time he was passing blood, with excruciating pain. He was denied food and water. He was prevented from sleeping. The tortures on his body, which was all wounds and broken bones, went on for over two months, because Panagoulis would not betray his friends. He didn't speak..."

"For eight months his hands were continuously handcuffed behind his back, except for a short while each day... His cell is a special cement tomb built for him in the middle of Boyatzis military camp. It has a very small window near its ceiling. There is a hold for his needs, but no running water. Water for flushing it out is brought to him at the whim of his guards. He is known to have been without water to pour in this horrible hole for days."

... on Feb. 17, 1972, he was put in a strait jacket and beaten to unconsciousness. His ribs were again broken and he was semi-conscious for three days. On four days in April and May, he was beaten again. On May 3, besides the beating, his head was shaved and officers gathered in his cell to make fun of him in order to shatter his nerves still further."

The Greek dictatorship, of course, refused to admit that torture was going on. It called anyone who raised the fact "Communist or homosexual or both." Yet, Amnesty International, a London-based organization concerned about political prisoners, confirmed early in 1968 that there was torture, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and the Netherlands filed charges against Greece in the Council of Europe for violation of the Human Rights Convention. A subcommittee of the Council went to Greece in March of 1969 but was refused access to the prisoners and prisons it had requested.

And what of America during this period? Why, we were spending around \$40 million a year of taxpayers' money for aid to that government. □



# GROPE WRITING!

by Penn

## OBJECT

- (1) to try your hand (or other available tool) at becoming a combination of Phil Andros & the Marx Brothers
- (2) to educate the slaves, entertain the masters — or any vice versa

## MATERIALS

- (1) a SCRIBE, being yourself or one who can authoritatively order/humbly request and transcribe the words or phrases needed to fill in the blanks.
- (2) a GROUP of orally-oriented buddies, bed-fellows, bar-fellows or other unsuspecting victims. If no one else is available, try interviewing the local meat rack on a slow night.
- (3) a PENCIL. Ink, blood and other not-easily-eradicable substances are not recommended except in cases where the final version of a Gropestory is considered worthy of being preserved for posteriors.

PRICK-PRINTING can also be tried provided you have a tool which can be inserted into a cartridge fountain pen and successfully jiggled to climax. Unfortunately this method often leads to premature exclamations (see under "ejaculations" in the Instruction section).

## INSTRUCTIONS

With NO INTRODUCTION OR EXPLANATION, call for individual responses to the categories in parentheses. (Refrain from encouraging or judging specific answers.)

CATEGORIES include *nouns* (things or places), *adjectives* (descriptive words), *adverbs* (answering "how," usually ending in -ly), *actions* (past and present endings given in the text though the Scribe may have to alter irregular verbs), *ejaculations* (exclamations, interjections; words or phrases which cum involuntarily), and other easily-identifiable, non-grammar word groups.

## THE MASKED MASTER

### Part I

I had just moved into ..... and was .....-ing around my ..... room apartment, naked as ..... without his/her ..... wondering whether I should waste my ..... jacking off over an old copy of ..... or save it for the fried ..... when I heard the ..... sound of a(n) ..... motorcycle ..... ng to a stop out of my ..... door. "I cried, "a(n) ..... And I haven't even unpacked the .....-yet."

..... the door ..... ed open and in strode the most ..... hunk of male I'd ever seen. He seemed to be ..... feet tall with the shoulders of a(n) ..... the neck of a(n) ..... and thighs to match. He wore the uniform of the ..... like he'd been .....-ed into it.

"What are you .....-ing here," I burbled at the masked intruder who reminded me vaguely of my ..... the

".....!" he growled, "I'm just your friendly neighborhood ..... sent me over to welcome you. So let's get this ..... on the road, hey?" I agreed. I had nothing else to do since my ..... electric dildo — the same kind ..... always uses — had been swallowed by my pet ..... and short-circuited when I tried to ..... in the shower.

## PART II

"Down on your ..... slave," the masked man ordered. But when I didn't respond ..... enough, he ..... around my ..... and lifted me until I was level with his ..... which was covered with ..... razorblades embedded in ..... studs the size of ..... 's eggs.

"..... it!" he commanded, ..... I extended my tongue to comply but the ..... hanging from his right ..... got in the way.

..... I got the hang of it and managed to ..... open the buttons on his fly, only chipping ..... teeth in the process, and thus exposing a(n) ..... inch cock with a .....-shaped head. The ..... foresk n was pierced by a strip of steel-reinforced ..... engraved with the ..... words: ..... WAS HERE!

## PART III

My own ..... cock was .....-ing so much by this time that I scarcely heard the Masked Master's next words. "Into the .....," he directed, "and spread your legs over the ..... I .....-ed at the sight as his swollen ..... began to piss ..... all over my best ..... brand

Every tender part of me was being .....-ed and I ..... ed to the whole experience. "..... I couldn't help but cry, that s .....

"Now," he grunted ..... "take the head of my ..... in your mouth and suck it ..... This time I followed his instructions ..... and we began to get it on. He bent forward, put his ..... under my ..... balls and .....-ed

He then .....-ed my ..... around his ..... under his ..... and ..... It was just ke ..... in a pretzel factory, especially when he stood up with his mouth over my .....-ed

..... tweaked my ..... tits with his ..... and .....-ed me around the room in that position for ..... solid hours

As I stretched into the ..... position, he stood on the ..... balanced with one foot on my ..... and began to whip me ..... with a hand-crocheted .....  
(adj.) (noun) (pt. of body) (adverb) (weapon)

# PART IV

"I crooned "It's easy as falling off a ..... me more, please, sir."  
(ejec.) (action) (noun)

"the Masked Master muttered as he prepared for the next onslaught. "Haven't had so much fun since I worked over the whole ..... team."  
(school) (game) (adverb) (adj.)

As I licked ..... at his ..... scrotum, the balls con-tracted to the size of ..... with the texture of sand papered ..... and the taste of .....  
(pt. noun) (friend's name) (clothing) (tr. pt.)

I glanced up and saw his magnificent ..... had expan-ded to ..... inches in diameter and was ..... turning bright  
(number) (equipment) (adverb)

Before I could say .....-s little-boys, a long stream of ..... cum .....ed out of the slit in the crown and knocked me ass over ..... As I lay .....ing on the ..... he grabbed my buns in both .....  
(color) (celebrity) (action) (adj.) (noun) (pt. of body)

I knew the fun had just begun. I .....ed my butt as hard as I could but it didn't do any good; ..... fingers had plunged through the .....  
(action) (number) (adj.)

portal that was still sore from the time I'd sat on my ..... and the teacher wouldn't let me up til I'd played  
(musical instrument)

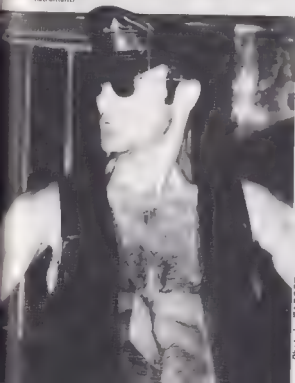


Photo by TARGET

bars of ..... on it. "I shrieked, through ..... teeth. "What's the .....ing problem," the big man snarled. "Can't you ..... it, you ..... punk?"  
(number) (song) (ejec.) (action) (adj.) (action) (adj.)

"That's ..... I whispered, tears running down my ..... as the fingers exited without ceremony, leaving my ..... asshole as empty as ..... the night they over-heated the steamroom and shrunk everyone's ..... to the size of a(n) .....  
(adj.) (pt. of body) (adj.) (batch name) (vegetable) (pt. of body) (nationality)

# PART V

Without a(n) ..... of warning, my anonymous persecu-tor .....ed open a can of condensed cream of ..... soup, squirted a(n) ..... of the ..... stuff over his hard-as- ..... cock, gave a(n) ..... shove and barred it up to the ..... in my anus  
(sound) (action) (noun) (amount) (adj.) (material) (adj.) (noun)

On the .....st/rd/th thrust I passed out on a wave of ..... and didn't come to til he'd .....ed a new path to  
(liquid) (number) (action)

My ..... Holy .....ing .....!" he was roaring as I awoke ..... This is the .....est fuck I've had since ..... took my first ..... bottles of imported ..... sweat, and a(n) ..... midjet in full ..... drag up his bun last week. How d'you like it so far, slave?"  
(number) (action) (pt. noun) (adj.) (number) (animal) (nationality) (organization) (action)

"I ..... on it, sir," I answered ..... "But can't you do it more .....? I've got a date with ..... to-morrow."  
(action) (adverb) (adverb) (Mr. Right)

..... shit!" he exclaimed. "I'll give him a sign so he can recognize you. First, put your ..... under your left ..... then you can stand on that ..... until I'm ready. And wipe that ..... smile off your .....! As I watched the final preparations my eyes grew as big as my ..... 's prick the time he saw his ..... go down on their pet .....  
(noun) (pt. of body) (noun) (adverb) (pt. of body) (friend's name) (relative) (animal)

# CONCLUSION

I couldn't help .....ing as my torturer hung ..... pound ..... from each of my ..... balls and ordered me to ..... around the ..... in time to the ..... singing ..... until my aching nuts stretched from ..... to .....  
(action) (noun) (number) (pt. noun) (adj.) (action) (pt. of house) (song title) (town) (town)

"That's all you get, you ..... creep," the Masked Master bellowed, as he .....ed out the door, jumped on his ..... and .....ed away into the sunset, leaving me to blast off for the next ..... hours. □  
(brand name) (vehicle) (action) (number)



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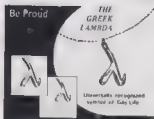
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SOURCES

# Guide To The EUROPEAN LEATHER SCENE

By Mr S



All you leather guys in the USA who are planning a trip to Europe, if you haven't made it over here yet, you should be prepared to find some excitingly different leather scenes here. Each European country has its own special features — be it Amsterdam, Paris, London or Berlin. Left is top and right is bottom for keys, chains, etc., and the handkerchief code is the same, though it's not so widely used.

Also, many of the clubs in Europe are much larger than their American counterparts. One London club alone, the MSC, boasts over 500 members, plus an additional 150 fraternal members outside the city. Bike runs and get-togethers are held under the banner of the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs, which is similar to the Atlantic Midwest Coordination Council in the States.

For those of you who may be taking one of the three Leather Fraternity European tours, here is a listing of the main leather capitals of Europe and some detailing of the kind of action you can expect to find.

**AMSTERDAM:** A very liberal city, full of entertainment and friendly people. The Argos Hotel Bar in Warmoesstraat is the top bar in town, though some of the local leather men like the L/L in Elandsgracht for a change of pace. The Thermos Sauna in Raamstraat is really wild, and always full of hunxy numbers.

**ATHENS:** The classic Greek capitol, where the most beautiful men in Europe wander the streets. Greek soldiers only make \$10 a month, and supplement this income by hustling. You can even get them to take off their shirts in the cafes so you can examine the merchandise.

**BERLIN:** Another fabulous city, very liberal, with almost complete sexual freedom. It features some of the wildest toilets in Europe. There are several saunas, all very active. The Knollie Bar in Bundesallee is a must. Young gay men of Berlin

all seem to know each other, and they are overly eager to please visitors who are looking to score.

**COLOGNE:** A smaller city, but still it boasts two bike clubs. The best leather bar in town is the Platzjabeck in Mathiasstrasse.

**COPENHAGEN:** Just recently has this city become leather-minded, and the Scandinavian Leather Men is its most active MC. The main bar is the Masken Bar. As most visitors soon find out, complete freedom of action is possible in Denmark.

**HAMBURG:** A very large industrial city, and its greatest leather feature is Tom's Saloon, decorated throughout with wild Tom of Finland murals, plus a very active back room.

**LONDON:** The two main bars here are the Bedford Head in Maiden Lane off the Strand (home of the MSC — best nights are Tuesday and Thursday), and the Coleridge, Old Brompton Road, Earl's Court. Note: the bars close early in London, unlike most other cities on the Continent, at 11 pm.

**MUNICH:** The Eagle is this town's fun bar, and the Duetsche Eiche in Roichenbachstr is a fantastic hotel/restaurant. Very friendly, reasonable and no restrictions in the hotel.

**PARIS:** A very expensive city, by any standards. Very good for sightseeing and culture, but the leatherbar scene is somewhat remote. Aggressive attitudes of the French Police keep the bars changing all the time. Ask around when you get there to find out where the action is at the moment.

**ROME:** The action in this Mediterranean Paradise is in the streets and cafes. By day or night, one of the best cruising spots in the world.

**ZURICH:** This city is fairly new to the leather scene, but the Loge 70 MC has a large and active membership.

From the moment you step off the plane you can be assured of encountering many great, new leather adventures in the clubs and back alleys of Europe's most exciting cities. Hope to meet some of you Drummer readers over a lager and lime when you make it to London. □



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## HB & TMO/SEATTLE

It was late spring and I decided to travel north rather than the usual trip to California. I thought a spin up to the northwoods, where they say the lumberjacks are thicker than flies, would be great this year. I hopped on my Harley and off I went.

Oregon gave me the first signs that I was nearing where I wanted to spend my short vacation. The brown grassy hills gave way to tall forests and clear blue lakes and rivers.

Over the Columbia River bridge and into the evergreen state of Washington where the mountains are even higher and the trees even denser. Olympia, Tacoma, and finally my destination, SEATTLE! What a town! I hadn't realized that it was the largest city of the Pacific Northwest, nor did I realize that jet building, shipping, fishing, movie making, and tourist business were that flourishing trades there. Believe it or not, it didn't rain once while I was there so anyone who says that it rains all the time is crazy.

After touring around the city and roaming the unique Pioneer Square District, (which isn't square at all), seeing the huge Kingdome, the colorful waterfront, and spectacular Seattle Center (via monorail) I decided to get down to business and find the nearest gay bar. Well, needless to say, I found one that wasn't too hot on the idea of a biker invading their territory so I inquired as to where I might find other bikers, or at least guys who wear leather and Levi. I was told there were three bars that I might hit that evening, the most popular and unusual being Johnny's Handlebar, in the uptown section of the central business district.

Off I went, and brother, let me tell you it was worth it!

A little hard to find because it had no obvious sign out front, I finally parked the bike alongside some others and went in to find a very dark, very macho, very dungeon-like atmosphere. At first it made me a little nervous seeing so many men standing around in the dark obviously cruising up a storm. Not a seat in the place other than the bar stools as everyone was either standing at the long stand-up bar or sitting on Crisco drums and wooden crates.

After the first bottle of Bud my eyes became adjusted. I could see that this place was really hopping and pushing out the drinks. My first encounter was with the manager, Pat, who introduced me to his fellow bartender, Rich. Super people! After finding out that I was a visitor, they provided me with a few free drinks to make me feel very welcome. I wandered into the Leather Cell, in the rear of the bar. It was exactly as you'd expect, a shop selling leather goods and various other sexy items. Ed, the boss, was busy studding a belt when I began pumping questions to him about the bar and its clientele.

As it turns out, the HB is a late night cruising bar where almost all the guys stand shoulder-to-shoulder posing with their Bud bottles. No screamers here! Oh, yes, and they never admit drugs with the exception of one, whom I met later in street clothes, Motorcycle Mama. This guy's o.k. He only comes dressed campy when there's a special event and when he's been asked to come to be a part of the festivities. The rest of the time he's just like all the rest of us, he blends in.

Women are discouraged upon entering the place, fondly called Toilet West, and rarely do, which seems to be accepted in Seattle, like in some other larger cities, with no complications, and anyway, I can't imagine why they'd want to. It's really geared to the macho male and it seems that every macho man is there after 10:30 p.m.

Through a door of chains, in the back, and past the pool tables, was a small game room with pinball machines and restrooms. However, when I was in the restrooms, nobody was resting that I could see.

Johnny's Handlebar, I found out, is one of the country's best leather/Levi bars and there's plenty of action for any guy who's looking for it. Some of the bashes they have are tops, such as the anniversary parties where they send some lucky guy to either San Francisco or London as a grand prize. In February they have an S&M Night where the victor reaps the spoils, plus pool tournaments, Motorcycle Mania when they christen the new bikes with champagne, oodles of beautiful contests such as the Beach Boy and Mr. Washington State competitions in June and July, and my fantasy in October, a Lumberjack Festival. Every Thursday, Friday and Saturday they have afterhours until 4 a.m. This sure helps since by 2 a.m. the guys are bombed as well as horny!

The next day, thanks to a member of the Handlebar M.C., I found my way to the TMO, a very western bar. The brother-bar to the HB and owned by the same two guys, Johnny and Marshall, I really got off on the difference in flavor from the night before. Built and decorated like a western saloon, a lot smaller than the Handlebar, but again hot on pinballs and pool tables, the big thing here was not so much the cruise trip but the social one. The manager, John, and his bartending buddy, Lee, complete with vest, western hat and deputy Marshal badge, introduced me to a very friendly bunch of guys. Here they weren't so strict on females and were big pushers of goodwill and cheer. By the way, Lee, who is the Knights of Malta's Mr. Western Wear took me over to meet what has to be the cutest cowboy around, Sheriff Steve (a title given once a year by election), and TMO's public relations man. I spent the rest of the evening here before heading back to the HB for afterhours, a trick, and a buddy's place to stay until morning.

In all, this town really swings! They've got everything and everybody Seattle is very up to date with lots of great places to go something for everyone, including two of the country's hottest leather/western bars, JOHNNY'S HANDLEBAR and THE MARSHALL'S OFFICE.

— A Roving Biker

# SCENE MEN'S BAR SCENE ME

THE/WESTERN/LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATHER/WESTERN/LEATH



*Manager and Assistant Manager*



*Sheriff Steve at work*



*Two Cowboys at a draw*

*Photos by JOHNNY FREDERICK*

*86ing a Troublemaker*



*This Deputy serves beer not citations*



*Pool shot at the HB*



# MEN'S BAR SCENE

Order this bar scene illustration by ZACH. The drawing is 11" x 34" lithograph on matted stock, suitable for framing. Sent rolled in a mailing tube, packaged for \$4.95.

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# IN PASSING

There is a recent reaffirmation from the prestigious Kinsey Institute that Gays are the largest single minority in the United States. There are more of them in the general makeup of the population than Catholics, Jews, Southern Baptists, Blacks, and even Republicans (judging from recent elections). Gays form probably the last minority frontier, one that is just recently coming into its own.

However, there is a long way to go and the major battle is not in politics, law or even economics, where minority rights battles are traditionally fought. These fields are the battleground, true, but the main obstacle is the Gay army getting its act together.

Difference of opinion is peachy; that's what they keep saying America is all about. After all, freedom of choice is what we are fighting for. We can differ with Anita Bryant (though we can't imagine any adult in their right mind agreeing with her) and Chief Ed Davis as well as the Richard Nixons and Joe Mc Carthys of the past. Supposedly everyone has the right to express their own opinion, no matter how mindless. But for Gays, unless there is some unity in and among their organizations, some absence of backbiting and ego-trips and indifference, their troops are going to get

picked off out there in the war against prejudice and bigotry. Unless the Gay Community comes through in large numbers and large amounts, its struggle for first-class citizenship can last forever.

Any Gay who thinks that the events happening in Dade County, Florida are not going to affect him in the time to come, has another think coming. Any Gay, whether leather or fluff, drag or closet who thinks that the big guns of Chief Ed Davis are not aimed at him, wherever he lives, is sadly mistaken. These two, among other lesser-lights, are lining up vast sums of money, armies of red-necks and bigots and opportunists to further their own ambitions. There are no rights, no broken bodies that these two and their ilk would hesitate to walk over.

Their zeal is profitable. Anita's income is in the half-million a year category and from her twenty-nine room beach mansion she works to deny housing and employment rights to America's largest minority.

Davis' salary is larger than the late J. Edgar Hoover, his police budget (paid from taxes collected also from Gays) provides thirty publicity men, an army, an air force and no provisions that require him to tell what he does with it all.

The Gay Community merely has numbers. And buying power. And the U.S. Constitution. But these tools are good only if they are used, and used well.

## PROGRESS REPORT

On May ninth, the four remaining defendants of the Mark IV Benefit Slave Auction raid went to court and were directed to come back on September 12 for trial. That will be a year, five months and two days after the arrests. The trial, if it comes to pass, is anticipated to last for six weeks to two months. The defense anticipates bringing in most of the over-100 officers involved along with their higher-ups, and the prosecution is busy passing out subpoenas to anyone and everyone. A jury trial in Los Angeles costs around \$3500 a day. This one will probably run more. However, the LAPD has a big expenditure already that it is trying to justify. And to lay out another \$100,000 is no big deal. Besides it goes on the District Attorney's budget, not the Police Chief. In the meantime the continued waste of man hours goes on with \$1800 a month detectives acting as process-servers, phone tapping of conversations between attorneys and their clients in the case, and highly illegal intimidation by the Ad Vice of the defendants.

In the meantime Chief Davis is speaking to the Van Nuys Baptist church this Sunday on "Law and Order Day." We pause to wonder if those good Christians remember that the Easter they recently observed was brought on by another trial in another century by another "Law and Order" crowd.

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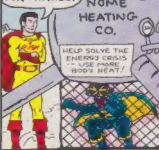
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